DON'T BUY AN AMIGA GAME UNTIL YOU'VE READ THIS

AMIGA POWER

THE MAGAZINE WITH *NO FUTURE*

And behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him.

YOURS WITH THE LAST ISSUE OF AMIGA POWER

NO SECOND PRIZE

FULL GAME

We'd like to share something with you. One of our favourite ever racing games that's almost impossible to get hold of any more. It's taken us a lot of hard work, we've had to consort with 'coders' and 'technicians' on your behalf, but we think it's been worth it.

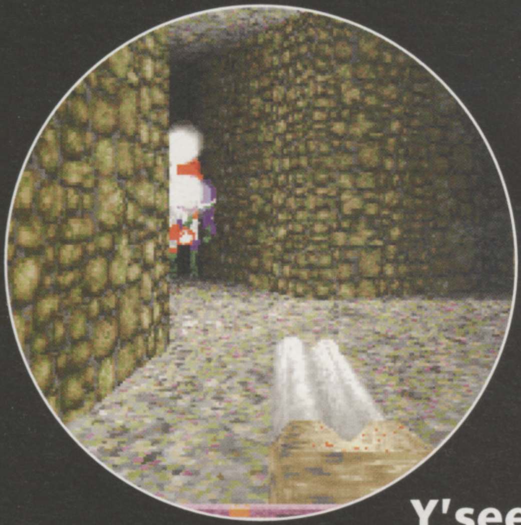
AMIGA POWER

REVIEWED...

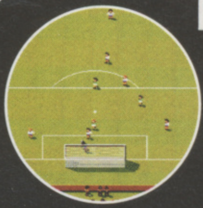
Alien Breed 3D2
Kick Off '96
Brian Lara '96
Humans 3

Future Publishing
Your guarantee of value
09
9 770961 731084
ISSUE 65
ISSUE 65 £4.50 SEPTEMBER 1996

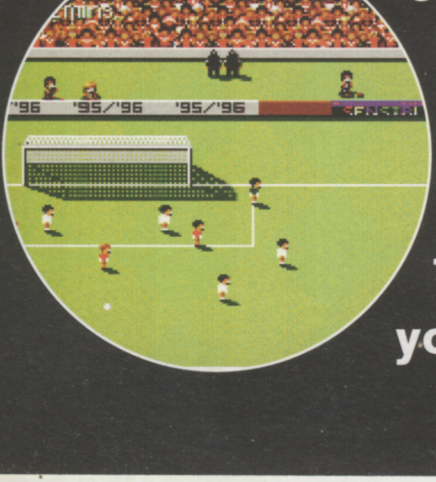
Hello,



Before you start enjoying
I just wondered if I might
And about how you're



Y'see, while I've always had my head in the clouds a bit and spent a lot of my time thinking about lofty things like accelerators, graphics packages, memory buses and that kind of thing, I've always enjoyed playing a good game too. In fact, many's the time that **AMIGA POWER** and I have sat down together to enjoy **Super Skidmarks** in eight player mode or to play a tournament of **SWOS**. And you shouldn't forget who it was that brought you the fabulous **Syndicate** data



AMIGA FORMAT here.

the last ever issue of Amiga Power have a few words with you about games. going to find out about them in the future.

disk. And you probably don't know that I'll soon be running a tutorial on how to make levels for **AB3D2**.

So, although you're going to miss **AMIGA POWER** as much as I will, I've got a suggestion for you. Why don't you join me? I know we can't ever replace your favourite magazine, but we've a lot more in common than you'd imagine. We've given **Kick Off '96** 9% for example.

Issue 89

on sale 29th August

THIS IS... AMIGA POWER

AMIGA POWER
ISSUE 65 SEPTEMBER 1996

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And remember:
WE DON'T GIVE TIPS OVER THE PHONE.
BECAUSE WE'RE NOT HERE ANYMORE.

WE WERE DISAPPOINTED
That half of the team which won an olympic gold for Britain at Atlanta will have retired by the next one leaving us with nothing.

ALBUM OF THE MONTH
"Crowded House – Recurring Dream, because they're fabulous and they're splitting up and it's tremendously sad. The Finn brothers are fantastic and in a better world there'd be a statue of them in every park in the world," said Sue dreamily.

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THIS MONTH WE WERE
happy-sad

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REGULARS

8 NEWS
In which we tell you things that are of a contemporary nature.

10 STATE OF THE NATION '96 REMIX
Find out which software publishers are joining us in deserting the Amiga.

30 BACK ISSUES
This is your last chance you know. Better get some more AMIGA POWERs while you can. Closing down sale, everything must go. Roll up, roll up. You look like a pretty lady, why not buy an AMIGA POWER. C'mon, cheapest prices in town…

34 COMPLETE CONTROL
A spectacular special wherein the top 100 tips for the top 100 games ever are presented for your delectation (oooh) and edification (oooh).

42 LETTERS
Now will you all please STOP WRITING TO US. Thank you. Although any letters that shore up our fragile egos are still appreciated of course.

44 READER ADS
Your last ever chance to buy some beggar's clapped-out A500. Sounds as irresistible as it is.

46 THE BOTTOM LINE
A feature of this magazine since its conception, our final stab at telling you which recent games have been good. And which bad. Unfortunately it's slanted rather more to the latter these days which no doubt explains the decline of our fave games machine. Sob.

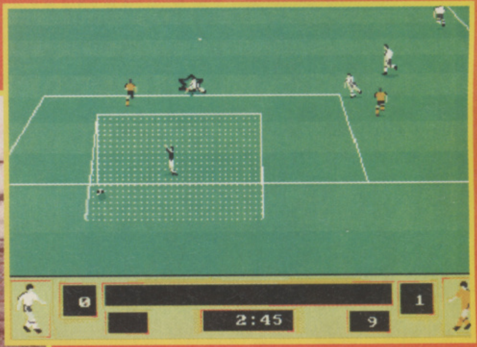
Guns

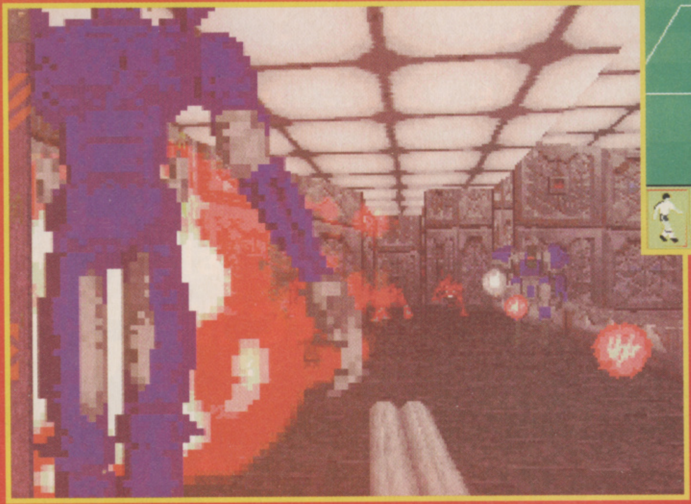
Yes. It's true. The inevitable has finally arrived. Kismet, fate, shoddy management of the Amiga, call it what you will, but erm... time and tide wait for no man. Apparently. Oh you know what we mean. Look it's not easy to say y'know. Okay. Goodbye. We love you all. There. Happy now?

GAMES! GAM

ALIEN BREED 3D 2

How did they know eh? Games publishers we mean. Well if they thought they'd catch us out they were wrong. By a matter of days we've managed to bring you the review of the most eagerly awaited Amiga game since *SWOS*. What will we think? Will Jonathan Nash suddenly go soft and give it the highest mark ever in AP? Or will he. OR WILL HE? Eh?
Page 14 reveals all.





KICK OFF '96

The most eagerly awaited game since *Alien Breed 3D 2* is here. What about *Kick Off* eh? Some love it, some hate it. But surely there'll be little to complain about with this new enhanced version. Stuart Campbell tells you all on page 18.

SUE WOULD JUST LIKE TO SAY: "And so it is done and so am I. Cheerio everyone."

KENNY WOULD JUST LIKE TO SAY: "I love university."

JONATHAN WOULD JUST LIKE TO SAY: "Oh no. My e-mail address is jnthn@dial.pipex.com – page 14's wrong."

STEVE WOULD JUST LIKE TO SAY: "Goodbye. Again."

OVER

64 issues and 5 years

On Fire

The End

MES! GAMES!

HUMANS 3

Tim Norris sees the opportunity to tell AP's most over-used joke of all time and goes for it. Well done Tim. Explore his thoughts on page 24.

SPIN SPEED
LEG SIDE
OFF

BRIAN LARA '96

The most widely anticipated game since Audiogenic's last cricket sim gets the cynical once over from Steve Faragher. Read all about it on page 22.

REVIEWED THIS ISSUE

SEPTEMBER 1996

FULL PRICE

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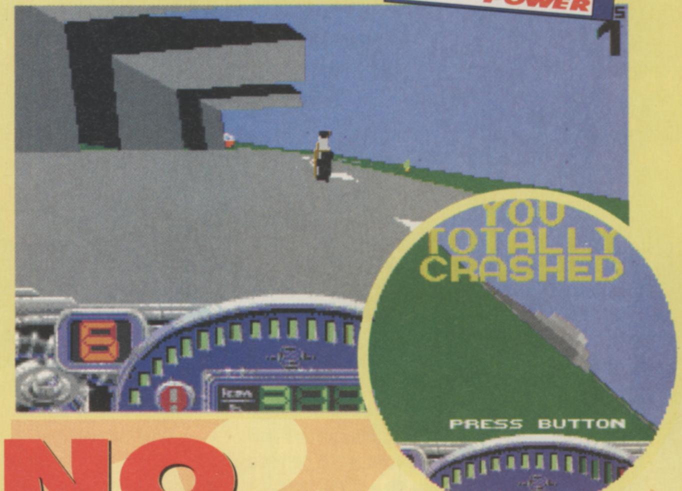
disk 65

Another full game from the Top 100? Not possible surely. Revel in the resplendent victory of physics-defying bike-riding that is *No Second Prize.*

disk
65
AMIGA
POWER

INTRODUCING COVERDISK 65



NO SECOND PRIZE

Apparently there was some story that came with the original game about how you were racing to get hold of a superbike of which only one had been created in the whole world, hence there was quite literally NO SECOND PRIZE! Clever, eh? Notwithstanding the dubious plot, this is the finest motorbike game EVER and a very fitting one for us to be giving away with the final issue of AMIGA POWER. Play it, have fun and shed no tears for us.

Game instructions on the next page

YOUR DISK AND YOU

- If your disk fails to load, then pop it in a padded envelope, along with a letter explaining the problem and an SAE, to:

AMIGA POWER Disk 65 Returns
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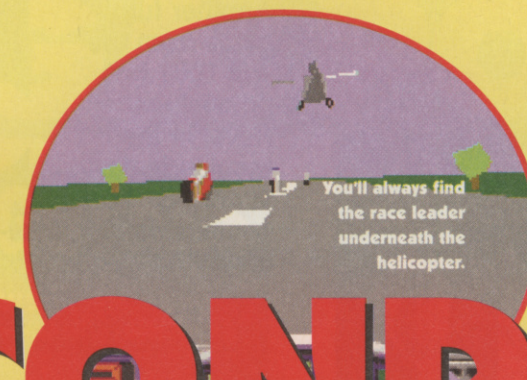
Bradford BD4 7BH

- We're really hoping that you're reading this bit, because it's quite important: please don't send your disks to us at the AMIGA POWER office. We really don't know how to fix dodgy disks, and we'll just throw 'em straight in the bin. So send them to TIB. Please.

- We're hoping you're reading this bit too, because sometimes the advice falls on deaf ears. HEED THE ADVICE OR BE DAMNED!

NO SECOND PRIZE


You'll always find the race leader underneath the helicopter.

disk 65

Well folks, here we go – it's the last disk. So slot it in, wipe your visors and rev up your engines. Can you smell the exhaust? Are you deafened by the noise? Are you ready? Then let's race.

Originally published by:
Thalion

Yes, we're going out on a good one with *No Second Prize* – a complete bike racing game that reached number 37 in our All-Time Top One Hundred last issue. If you don't like racing games, don't bother to write and complain, because we won't be here to read your letters; but if you do – this is one is in front and pulling away.

The object of the game is simple. You don't just want to win a race – you want to win a season. A season of twenty races on twenty different circuits. You want to be world champion. You do.

LOADING

It's gotta be done.

Go on, then – boot it up. That's it. Before long, a nice little title sequence will run and you'll have some crap music to listen to which for some reason that may have something to do with him going on to edit Total Guitar, Tim Tucker praised in his review of *No Second Prize* in issue 20. Once you're fed up with this, press the fire button and it will resume loading. Eventually a menu with some more crap music will come up and you're ready to race! Well, almost.

THE MENU

We do egg 'n' chips, luv; and that's all we do – so don't bother asking for anything else.

It's all very simple, really:

- **START SEASON:** Erm... begin the world championship.
- **TRAINING:** Try out the various tracks.
- **LOAD GAME:** This option enables you to load one of ten saved games – so you can become the world champ by cheating. We remember the days when sport was a gentleman's game.
- **RECORDS:** Gives the lap record of each circuit. These are there to be broken. Are you quick enough? WELL?
- **LAP INFO:** Gives a bit of background of the track you'll be eating up (or biting).

Once you've started a season, you'll be given these options:

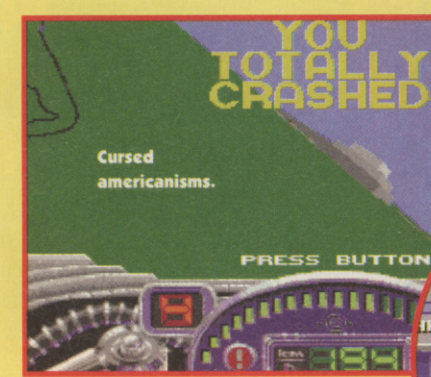
- **NEXT TRACK:** Bring on the next race.
- **STATISTICS:** Are you up there, in the drivers championship?
- **GIVE UP:** Never say die. But if you're going to...
- **SAVE GAME:** What! You're not cheating, are you? I thought we'd already had words about that.

THE MOUSE

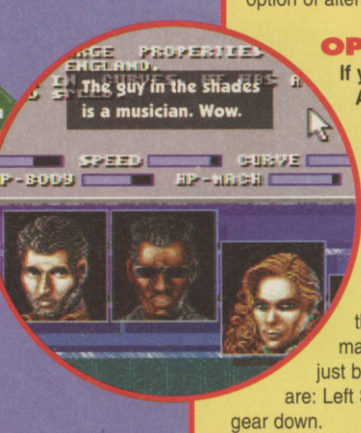
The mouse is tricky to start with, but once you get the hang of it, you'll find the control it gives is both responsive and exhilarating.

- The left button represents the brakes – and yes, you will need them.
- The right button is the throttle. Let it go to decelerate.
- Move the mouse (carefully) to either the left or the right to bank in that direction.

Before the beginning of each race you have the option of altering the sensitivity of the mouse.



Cursed americanisms.



The guy in the shades is a musician. Wow.

OPTIONAL CONTROLS

If you have an A500, A500+ or A600, you will be able to use these extra features. You won't be able to access them on the 1200, though. If you do have a 1200, don't worry – it doesn't spoil the game. Honest.

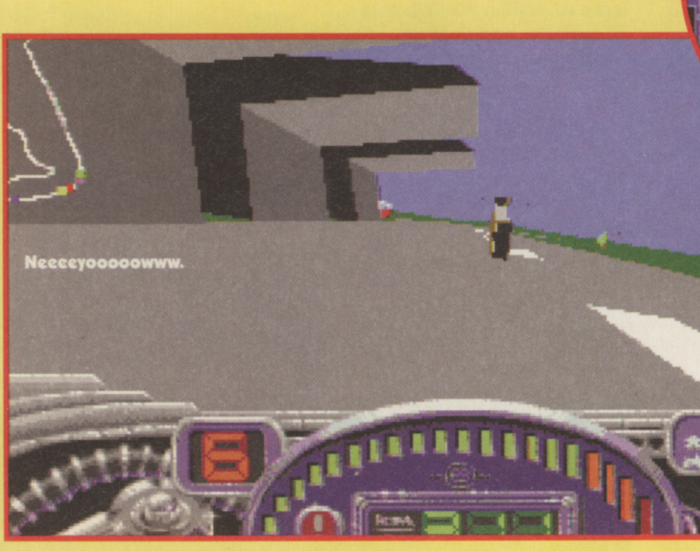
GEAR CHANGE: You must choose the (easier) automatic transmission on a 1200; but on the others you may choose manual. You are given this choice just before the race starts. The keys are: Left Shift to gear up; and Left Alt to gear down.

REPLAY: There are four different cameras on the replay mode.

- Press 1,2,3 or 4 to start the replay mode. Camera 1 replays the rider's view, camera 2 is side-on, camera 3 watches from behind, and camera 4 is an aerial shot. You may switch camera at will.
- The cursor keys control things: Down is play; up is stop; left is rewind; and right is fast forward.
- The space bar resumes the race where you left it.

PAUSE: Press the P key to pause the race, and P again to resume the race. (If only we could do that in real life, eh?)

QUIT: Press Esc to quit (if you're a quitter).



Neeeeyoooooowww.

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AMIGA POWER

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TRUE STORIES

If these pages appear at all tear-stained it's not that we've been crying. Honest. It's just that it's finally time to say...

So farewell then.

The end of an era? Probably.

This is the last issue of AMIGA POWER. There will never be another one. Of it. Rather than offer you an increasingly small, increasingly desperate magazine run by a diminishing staff, we've decided to close it. This will be the last issue ever.

We're sad, of course we are, but in the hope that you've enjoyed reading this magazine as much as we've enjoyed making it we offer you this, our last issue. It's crazy to think of you all as our friends, but we do, and we hope that AMIGA POWER stands as testament to that friendship.

Don't be too sad. All good things come to an end; if they didn't they'd stop being good and just become boring. As we've so often tried to explain, there's more to life than games. So let's all go out into the sunshine and play.

● *STEVE FARAGHER*

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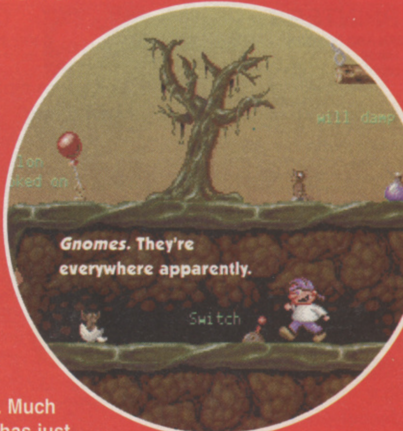
1 THEME PARK
It's devastatingly good! And we're the first magazine on Earth to review it!
2 RUFF 'N' TUMBLE
BUBBLE AND SQUEAK A1200
3 ALIEN BREED 2 TOWER ASSAULT
A1200
Future
ISSUE 42

STOP PRESS

Oh cruel irony. Even more games for the Amiga.

Starting on page 10 is our State of the Nation round up which tells you about all the games coming out for our favourite wee slip of a personal computer. In the couple of days between compiling that list and going to press we've found out about two more games. The first is *Gnomes* from OTM which looks like it's probably a *Lemmings/Penguin* type game as you can see. It's due out on September 30th.

The second is rather more surprising. You've probably have heard of *Myst*, the epic, erm... interactive adventure from Brøderbund which has been a massive hit on PC and Mac. Much to our surprise, a demo for an Amiga version has just appeared on Aminet, an internet site devoted to the amiga (http://src.doc.ic.ac.uk/public/aminet/info/www/home-src.doc.html). The demo's massive (20Mb Amiga Format tell us, which by our calculations means that we'll need 10 A1200s to run it) but they reckon they'll have it on the CD of their next issue. Good for them.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on
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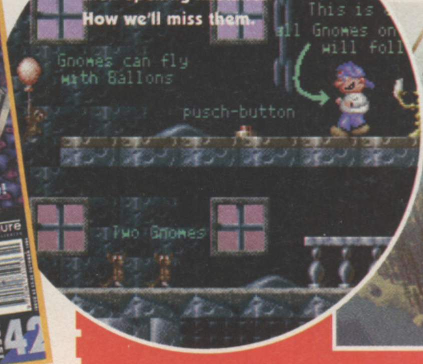
Switch
Gnomes. They're everywhere apparently.

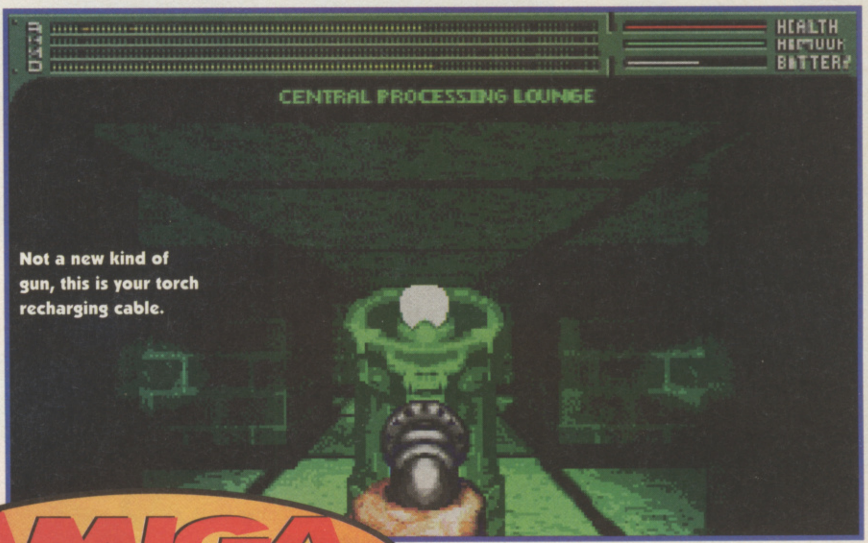

This is
ll Gnomes on
will foll
Gnomes can fly
with Ballons
pusch-button
Two Gnomes
Ah... programmers and their spelling mistakes. How we'll miss them.

Yes. Somewhat bizarrely it is *Myst* – but on the Amiga. Gack.

ATMOSFEAR

Surely not another *Doom* clone.

Runs On: A1200
Publishers: Vulcan
Author: Paul Carrington
ETA: 1997



Not a new kind of gun, this is your torch recharging cable.

AMIGA POWER PREVIEW

Why is it that when everyone complains about the rain and the snow and the long nights of winter (which, incidentally, I happen to like) then everyone agrees how horrible the weather is, but when I bitch about the summer, everyone looks at me like I'm some sort of freekazoid? Aren't I allowed to dislike excessive heat? Does everyone else REALLY like sunburn, clammy clothes and sweaty pits? I doubt it. Still, in the cool of the evening with no-one else in the office until tomorrow morning and the air conditioner on full blast right next to me, life's just about tolerable.

I'm here to tell you about one of Vulcan Software's releases. It's not imminent or anything, but since it's a *Doom* – but on the Amiga sort of a game, they thought we should know about it, even though it's probably a year away from release. You see, despite two of their games getting 19% in AMIGA POWER, Vulcan have always been level-headed and, more importantly, very civil and adult about their dealings with us. Which is nice.

Brrr, this air con's fiercely efficient, too efficient even. The air's certainly on the cool/cold divide, and I can't turn it off. Still, I'll be out of here in a bit, and it'll make the room a bit more bearable in the morning. Onwards and upwards...

Despite being responsible for *Valhalla and the Lord Of Infinity* (the first ever speech adventure), Vulcan's Paul Carrington's a bit of a visionary. He believes (rather controversially for a software producer) that the most important aspect of a game is whether it's any fun or not. Not the graphics, not the sound, but what it's like to play. In respect to *Doom* – but on the Amiga games, he thinks that light-sourcing, scaleable bitmaps and all that stuff have got in the way of excitement, explaining all the high preview hopes but disappointing review scores. Paul hopes to make something more atmospheric. Hence the name.

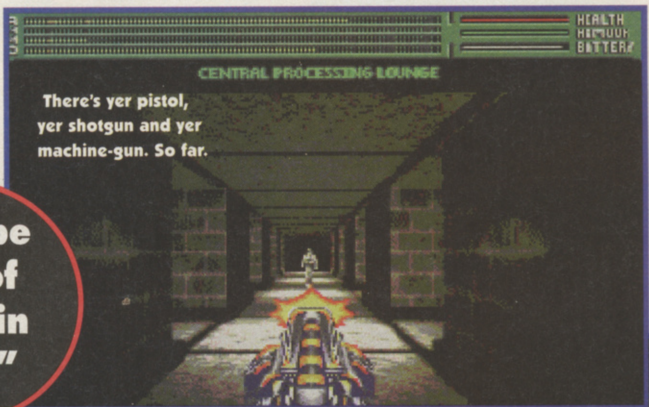
Damn this is cold, my fingers are locking up here, and I'm sure my sweatshirt was there a moment ago. Tch. Anyway, the demo we've seen is a very early model that Paul's been dabbling with for the last year or so, and even though it's basic stuff, it's still looking good. The plan is to keep the scenery basic and regular throughout, but to heap on the scare points by big sound, gloomy lighting and nasty monsters, which in my opinion aren't really mean enough yet. A great idea is the rechargable torch, which gradually runs out of juice, plunging you into deeper gloom. It's a neat touch, and with a host of others, the hope is that the spirit of *Doom* rather than the physical look will be evoked by *Atmosfear.*

So I was going to finish off by saying that you heard it here first, and to look out for it in Spring '97, but the champion of this ppreview has to be the Rowenta potrable air-con unit to my left. You see? I just typed "potrable" because my hands are so numb, and it's getting cloder by the minute. Colder even. In fact, my legs are numb too. Maybe if I bunch upinaball, I can stay warm. Maybe I can last through to the morning. When everyone else comes in.

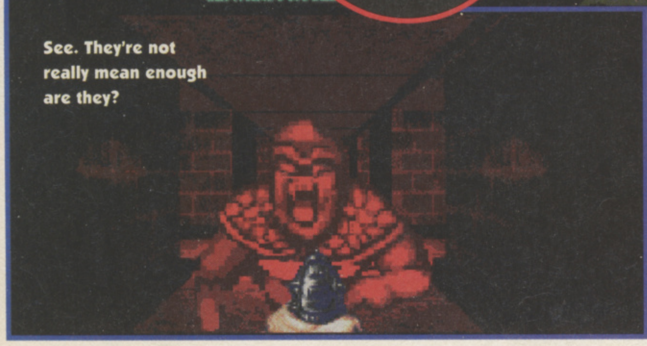
Maybe.

● *CAM WINSHSFD G A FGRRRR GGG G G GGGGGGGGGGGG*

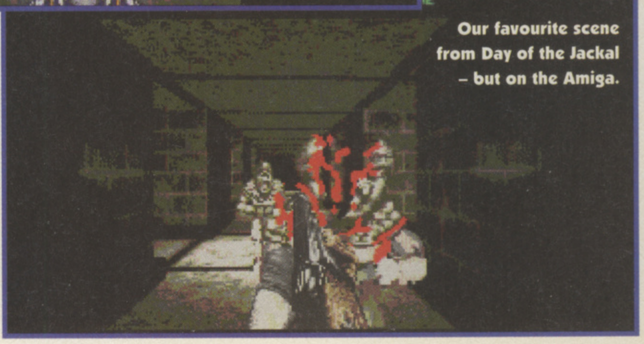
"I'll be out of here in a bit"



There's yer pistol, yer shotgun and yer machine-gun. So far.



See. They're not really mean enough are they?



Our favourite scene from Day of the Jackal – but on the Amiga.

"With AP dead, how will we keep up-to-date?" asks reader Pearl Howitzer of Stepney. By doing the research yourself, we reply.

State Of The Nation ('96 Remix)

About this time last year, stuck for news in the middle of summer as tradition demands, we had a fit of energy and phoned up every software house we knew of to bring you the rather depressing State of the Nation. Our aim then was to track down every game we knew of, or had heard rumours of, and find out what stage of development they were at. It seemed fitting to reprise that idea for our last ever issue so that you know where we all stand. So what follows here is as complete a list as we can make, together with the phone numbers or addresses of the developers and publishing houses involved. We've given you their phone numbers as you'll no longer be able to rely on us sporadically ringing them and updating you; you're on your own now. And if we haven't mentioned somebody it's probably because they no longer exist. Like Kompart. Or Rasputin. Or Kellion. For examples.

ANCO (01322) 292513

Having just released *Kick Off '96* (see page 18), ANCO are waiting to see how that does. If it goes well, there's a possibility of a cricket game called *Howzat*. So don't hold your breath.

Acclaim (0171) 344 5000

Have finally abandoned the Amiga and will never release *Putty Squad* (AP41, 91%), a game that would have made it into our top 100 last issue were it not for the minor technical detail of it never having been published. We have not printed their address for fear of their being firebombed. It also means the end of the line for *NBA JAM: Tournament Edition.*

***Putty Squad* has disappeared in a puff of smoke. Boo.**

Alternative (01977) 797777

The company with the most difficult phone number in the world and a very pleasant attitude towards unfavourable reviews has *Pro Rugby League* and *Rugby Boss* out soon. They tell us. But they don't seem to have any Amiga screenshots just yet. Hmm.

Apex Systems (01709) 890552

The relatively unknown Apex has *Blobs* (which "looks like *Lemmings*" apparently. Oh good.) coming out in November. There're also plans for *World O' Formula One*, a horrifically entitled Formula One mannie sim, but that won't happen until 1997.

Audiogenic (0181) 4242244

Having just released the 85th version of their cricket sim series, now called *Brian Lara's Cricket '96* (see the review on page 22), Amiga stalwarts Audiogenic have no real plans to do anything more for the Amiga. "We'll possibly do a soccer game, but we don't really know," head cheese Peter Calver explained encouragingly.

Kick Off '96. It's awful.

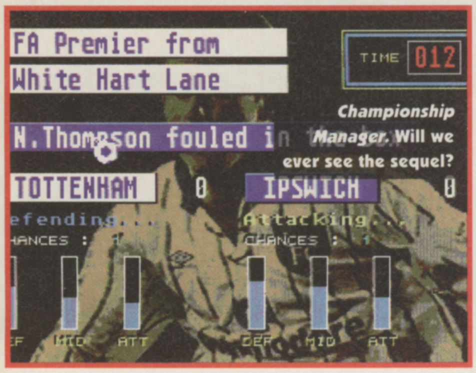
I'm... Jake the Peg, diddle-diddle-diddle-egg, with me extra leg...

It is *Lemmings*. We have no pictures of *Blobs*, y'see.

OUT 7
20 14 19 20

"Howzat?" Pretty much the same as last time.

st Innings
10/2
BOWL SPEED



Championship Manager. Will we ever see the sequel?

Domark (0181) 7802222
Will be releasing *Championship Manager 2* "really soon now". Yeah, right. It's only been six months since you first told us that.

Effigy Software, The Effigy Emporium, Station Yard, Station Road, Ruskington, Sleaford, Lincolnshire.
From new developers Weathermine Software has already come *XP8*, a scrolling shoot-'em-up. Jonathan Davies reviewed the AGA version in AP62. He awarded it 55% and praised its sensible approach to this rather crowded genre but concluded that it wasn't really exciting enough. Effigy are releasing the non-AGA version on August 30th and have signed a three-year contract with Weathermine to produce other games for the Amiga.

A giant peanut dispenser from *XP8*.

"There's gonna be a rumble tonight. Spread the word."

Empire (0181) 3437337
Despite our acclaiming the non-AGA version of this game as "*Speedball* in shorts", Empire will now not be releasing *Empire Soccer A1200*. Or anything else. Except a compilation. Maybe.

Guildhall

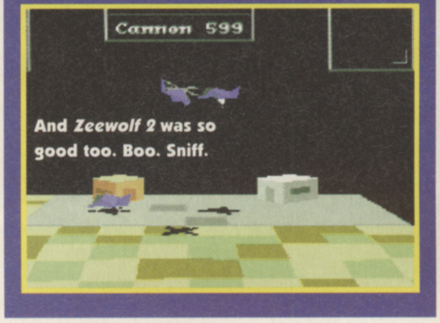
(01302) 890000
"Ooh, we've got loads and loads of new games for the Amiga," bubbled PR girl Maureen. Good. What are they then? "Oh, erm, I don't know at the moment, can you phone back next week?" No. We'll be dead.

Super Skidmarks: Hot cow jalapeño!

Binary Asylum

(01225) 428494

Our next-door neighbours (almost) have completely abandoned the Amiga. We no longer smile at them in the street.



And *Zeewolf 2* was so good too. Boo. Sniff.

Gametek (01753) 553445
No. No way.

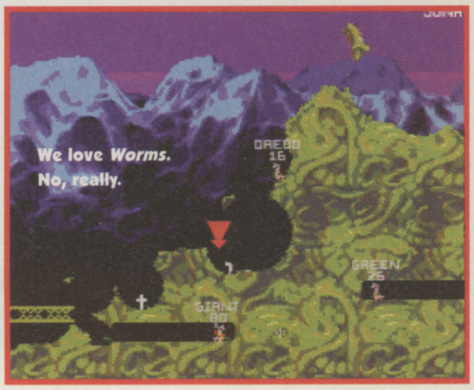
Grandslam (0181) 6807044
Refreshingly encouraging, Grandslam have a plethora (oh, look it up) of games coming for the Amiga, led by *Seventh Sword of Mendor* and *Reunion 2: Phoenix*. And there are others in the pipeline. No, no, we say, don't throw your Amiga away just yet. Ahem.

Mutation (01705) 672616
After the promising but flawed *Tin Toy* (AP63, 67%), Mutation are following the herd and "waiting to see how well it does".

Jump, Tin Toy, jump.

OTM (01827) 312302
First there was nearly *Atrophy*. Then it was nearly *Atrocity*. Now the game that we previewed in AP57 and was supposed to arrive in February is called *Enigma*. And should have been reviewed in this issue. But isn't quite ready yet. It will be soon though and then OTM will follow it up with *Virtual Rally, Virtual Karting Deluxe, Starfighter* and a host of others. They tell us.

Team 17 (01924) 267776
http://www.team17.co.uk/
With *AB3D2* finally with us (review on page 14), Team 17's Amiga projects are becoming thinner on the ground. Expect to see *Worms (The Director's Cut)* out in time for Christmas. Beyond that there are two things will encourage Team 17 to stay with the Amiga. The first is good sales of *AB3D2* and the second is somebody coming up with a good game for them to publish… Funny old world eh?



We love *Worms*. No, really.

Time Warner (0171) 3914327
Something else that we were promised we'd be able to review for this issue was *Chaos Engine 2*. According to Time Warner it'll be out within a couple of weeks. According to our friends on PC Gamer though the Bitmap Brothers are far too busy with *Z* too do anything to *Chaos Engine 2* at the moment. After that we think Time Warner will quietly let the Amiga slip.

Vulcan Software Limited (01075) 670269 (after 2PM)
One company that remains fully committed to the Amiga is Vulcan, bless 'em. As well as the inevitable continuation of their *Valhalla* series with the fourth in the series planned for a Christmas release this year, Vulcan also have a number of new projects under way. You'll have just read about *Atmosfear*, which looks like a hugely promising Doom – but on the Amiga clone and it's also worth remembering *Bograts*, which was once called *Penguin* and loved by us. But the truly amazing news is that there will also be a game called *Jet Pilot* (probably) that we KNOW NOTHING ABOUT. Expect to be surprised.

"It's a skull." Or something.

Atrocity. Yesterday. *Enigma*. Today.

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JUST WHO THE HELL DO WE THINK WE ARE? (WELL...)

It seemed only fitting for our last issue to cast an eye back to the first ever and see how things were done then. Here we present a humble homage to what has become known to one and all as the Golden Age of AMIGA POWER – truly it was great.

STEVE FARAGHER

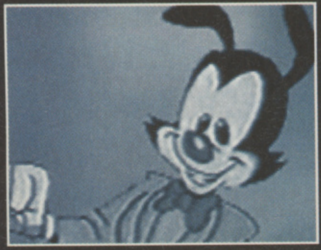
Steve started life as a baby before growing up and playing too many computer games for his own good. His eyesight has suffered ever since. He's been working at Future Publishing for over three years now, rising rapidly from Production Editor on the Amiga Format Specials to the 'jolly exciting' position of holding AMIGA POWER's hand as it walks to the gas chamber. He likes motorbikes, comics, roleplaying and fish.

JONATHAN DAVIES

The strong, silent type, Jonathan, erm... actually, there isn't that much to write about Jonathan. He's just 'there'. He lives in Bath, goes to work, plays computer games even though he doesn't like any of them very much ('It's okay, I suppose,' is high praise from him indeed) and is contemplating a career.

STUART CAMPBELL

There's one thing you have to know about Stuart – he's Scottish. There's another thing too – he's not English. Aha ha ha. And there's yet another thing, he's opinionated too – he's the Jeremy Clarkson of computer games. He likes 'intergalactic pink ruck hop-hop' (whatever that's meant to be) and arguing.



JONATHAN NASH

He's a bit of an enigma is our Jonathan. Never captured on film (we're afraid of the immediate impassioned response from our female readers) he's understandably remained something of a, erm... mystery. He's done lots of things before (we expect) but doesn't talk about any of them. And we've no idea how old he is. Or where he comes from.

CAM WINSTANLEY

Stridently heterosexual (and he doesn't care who knows it), Cam fancies himself (pictures of him have been appearing in Future mags for as long as he's been working here), has recently given up weight training and likes the cinema. He's also crazy for snow boarding which he's done rather a lot of.

SUE HUNTLEY

There's one thing they always say about Sue – she's the 'unsung heroine' of British Computer magazines and the 'Queen of Art Eds'. She's worked on lots of mags, that's for sure, including Mega and AMIGA POWER. She likes watching rugby (big men turn her on), walking her dog and complaining about things. A lot.

RICH PELLEY

Long time AMIGA POWER and occasional PC Format contributor, Rich claims not to have many interests. 'I still like going out, I s'pose,' he eventually offers, 'but I like coming back in again too.' In actual fact his life revolves around wearing lots of layers of clothing, bands like Underworld and Snoop Doggy Dogg and chasing chicks (an activity at which, we have to admit, he seems pretty crap).

TIM NORRIS

A cheerful, fluffy bunny sort of a fellow, Tim likes (deep breath) changing nappies, sleepless nights, Sesame Street, potty training, talcum powder, papooses, safety pins, clearing up sick, countin up to five repeatedly and probably plenty of other things we've forgotten. A natural wit and raconteur, he's been banned from all local weddings and bar mitzvahs.

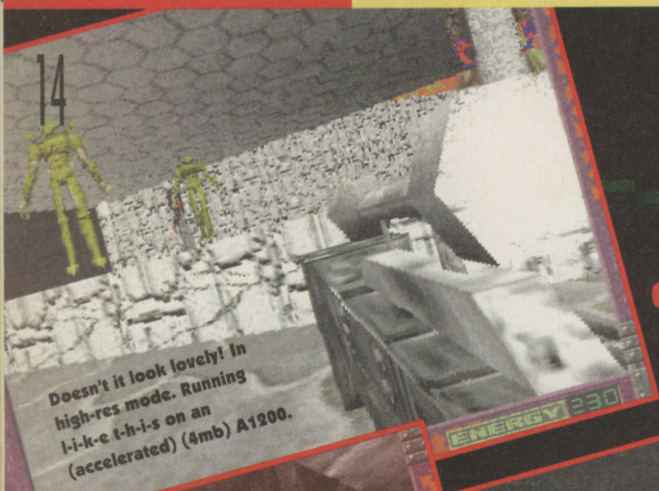
C-MONSTER

A bit of a sex beast, C-Monster likes films, Indie pop music ('my favourites are the Manic Street Preachers'), food ('peas and chips with vinegar'), being young, having left University and breasts. A man of diverse tastes indeed. In recent months he has been forced to move to Stafford through impoverishment.

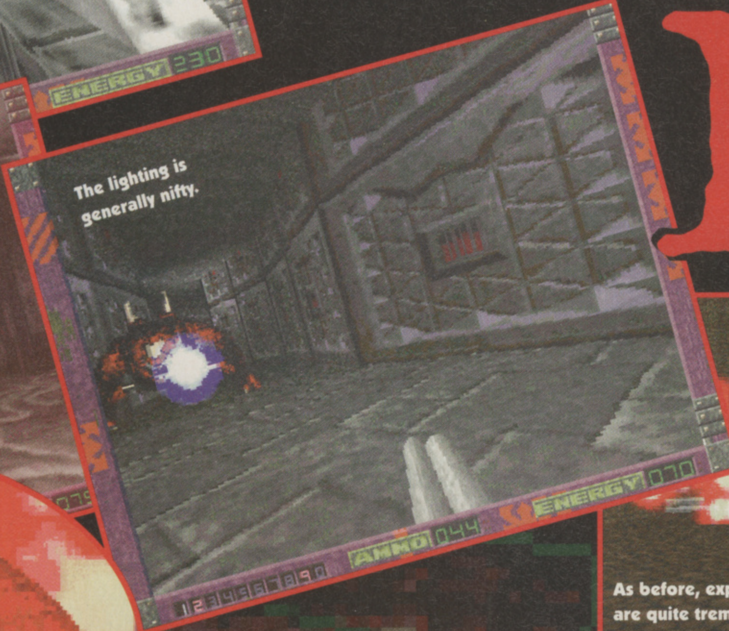
MARTIN AXFORD

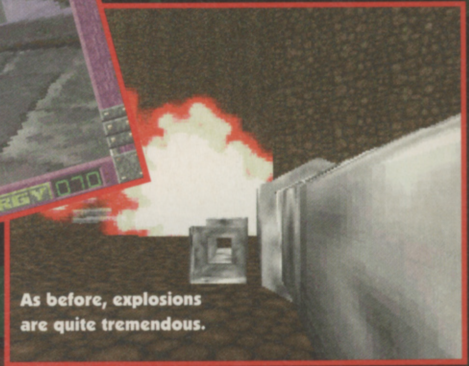
MArtin likes football. He likes football to the exclusion of just about everything else in fact. He often borrows our Amiga on which he likes playing football games. In between watching matches and playing *Sensible World of Soccer* more than is good or healthy for any young man he does an occasional bit of production editing for PC Answers.

ALIE
BR

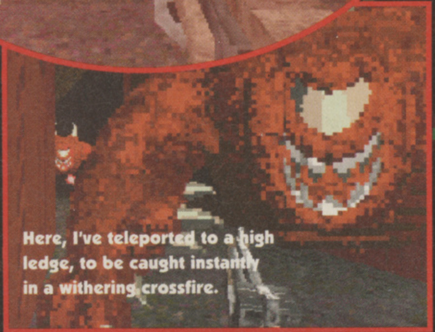

Doesn't it look lovely! In high-res mode. Running l-i-k-e t-h-i-s on an (accelerated) (4mb) A1200.

e men in blue suits. ffling forwards, firing all e while.


The lighting is generally nifty.


As before, explosions are quite tremendous.

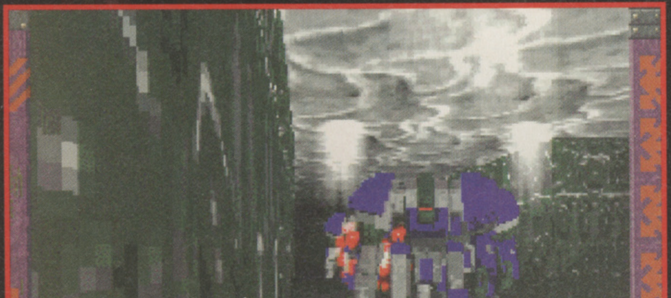
An inadequate replacement for the flying eyeballs of *AB3D*.

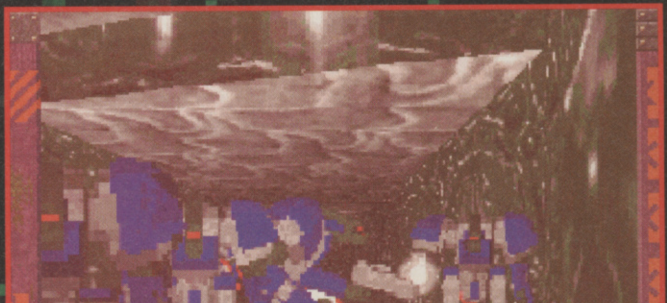

Here, I've teleported to a high ledge, to be caught instantly in a withering crossfire.

Runs on: A1200
Publisher: Team 17/Ocean
Authors: Same as *AB3D*
Price: £20
Release: Out now

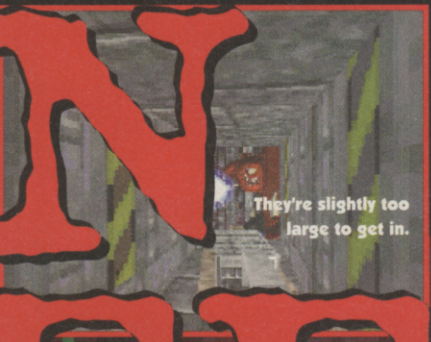
It's a bit of a revelation.

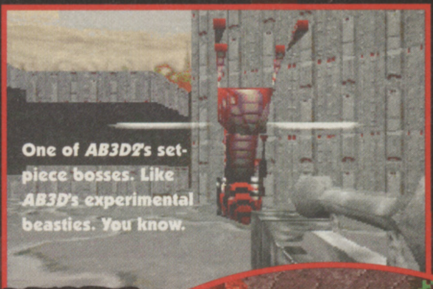
Ah, hello readers. (You'll have to imagine I've turned from my study desk here; Stuart bagsied writing his review as a script, which is irritating, but there you go.) I've been awaiting *AB3D2* with excitement, not only as the sequel to the comprehensively great *AB3D* (AP56, 91%) but also as an opportunity to mention the internet. You see, I've recently inherited an e-mail account (JN@dial.pipex.com if you're at all interested: do pop in for a bit of a chat).and was directed to investigate April's comp.sys.amiga newsgroup discussion of the wheezing decline of AP. Mirthlessly ill-informed, of course – one participant perceptively noted, "I think they're just style-incompatible with your typical Net-Amigan," but entirely failed to stop typical Net-Amigans complaining about a mag which cares for nothing but the quality of games and Andrés Escobar jokes. Slap in the middle was Marcus Dyson of Team 17, giving his individual, unendorsed, independent opinion of the mag (though – oh no! – at one critical point using "we") and fomenting astonishing nonsense about relying on AP to "get our opinion across, and very often they distort it for their own ends." All thrilling stuff, and my cache of satsumas dwindled as I read the seemingly inexhaustible supply of whining,

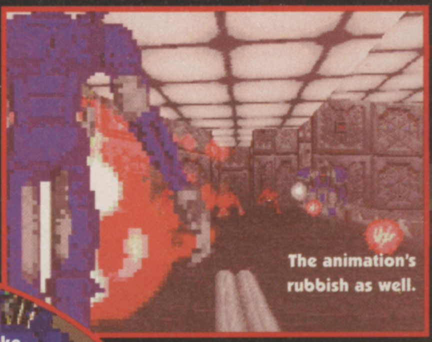

Here (level two, in fact), I'm attacked by anything from four to twenty robots, depending on how the mood takes them. Wandering monsters in *Doom* games – crap. Fact.

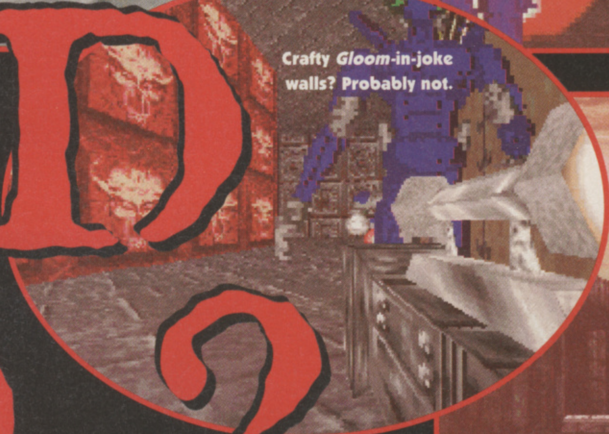

The pink wash means I'm being hit by some monsters shuffling forwards, firing all the while.

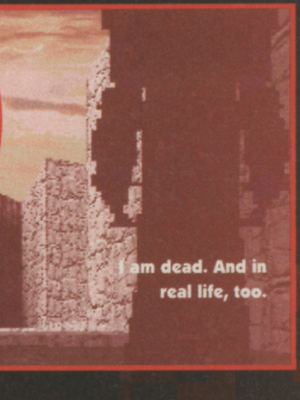
EN REED 3D 2


They're slightly too large to get in.


One of *AB3D2*'s set-piece bosses. Like *AB3D*'s experimental beasties. You know.


The animation's rubbish as well.


Crafty *Gloom*-in-joke walls? Probably not.


I am dead. And in real life, too.

childish hatemongering. It was at the point an endearingly scattered defence of AMIGA POWER mentioned the phrase, "Jonathan Nash (writer on AP) called Team 17 whining childish hatemongers," that events took a nasty turn. (You'll recall this was after their ridiculous lawsuit claiming malicious falsehood over the reviews of the terrible *ATR* (AP48, 38%) and the 9%-less-terrible *Kingpin* (AP48, 47%), and the campaign of requiring sister mag Amiga Format to sign documents pledging they'd withhold any review copies from us before being permitted to review Team 17 games.) In a reply of – oh no! – whining childish hatemongery, Marcus Dyson battered me with amazingly poisonous personal abuse (incidentally, all this can be found at http://xp4.dejanews.com/getdoc.xp?recnum=4976&search=thread&threaded=1&NTL=1&server=dnserver.dbapr&CONTEXT=838751072.3618&hitnum=0. Bring your own satsumas), entirely forgetting we know each other no more than to have exchanged a civil hello during his days at AF. Could the poor fellow really hate me for reviewing some games, or was he playing up the anti-AP stance to please his public, or was he just a bit mad in the head? We'll probably never know. And if you couldn't care in the slightest, remember I'm contractually obliged to be dead by the end of the review, so indulge me.

But anyway. *Alien Breed 3D 2* is dizzyingly slight, discounting the excellent fun-to-play qualities of the original for an unfathomable retread of the faults that sank *Fears* and *Breathless*.

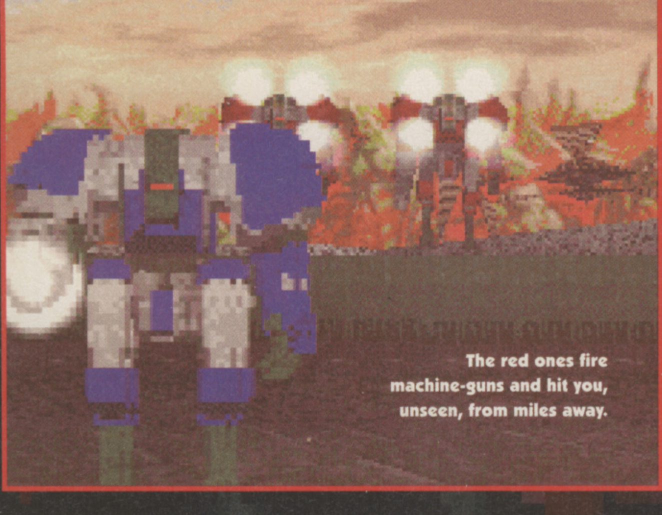
YS

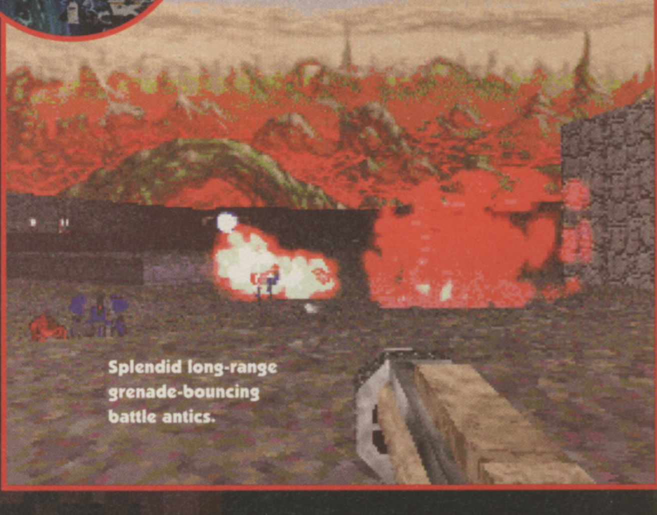
Monsters behind doors, for example. After the first scrap in *AB3D2*, where you are pleased by the reappearance of the bleating hounds, slightly baffled by the big stupid unfrightening robots which turn out to be the staple villain of the game and infuriated by the fireballs they spew out which you can't possibly dodge with any degree of success due equally to their randomness, their deceptive, jerky speed and the fact that at a distance they are indistinguishable from the effect of your shots hitting their target, you come to a door. From the other side you can hear suspicious footfalls. Clearly a robot is waiting. You poise by the side of the door for him to emerge. He doesn't. You fire a shot to inform him of your arrival, much play being made of the intelligence of the monsters and how they can hear you and track you down in teams. Nothing. The footfalls have died away. Quickly you spring in to open the door and catch him unawares on the other side of the room. Except he's standing in the doorway like a big metal buffoon and blasts you immediately.

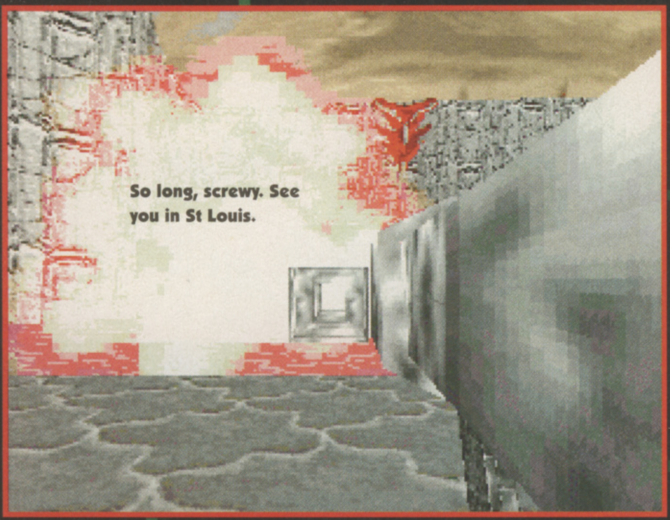
> "Just a bit mad in the head"

This happens all the time. Like in *Breathless* and *Fears*, which we said were awful. The monster intelligence is crap. Seemingly randomly, your foes will either rush in and overwhelm you or get you in their sights, lose interest and wander away. Mostly, of course, everything in the game walks towards you firing all the while until someone's dead or you're pushed into a corner, whereupon they're so close that your bullets explode behind them. The only solution is to run through the monsters and flee, because they aren't treated as solid objects. Lummocks.

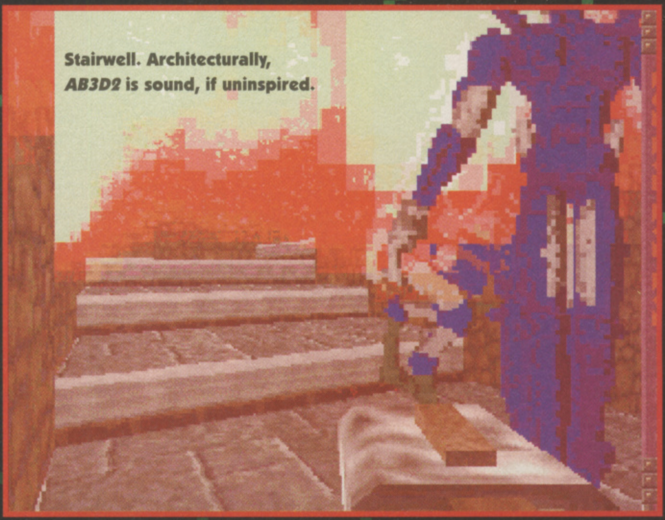
Perhaps these faults were present in *AB3D*. ➤


The red ones fire machine-guns and hit you, unseen, from miles away.


Splendid long-range grenade-bouncing battle antics.



So long, screwy. See you in St Louis.



Stairwell. Architecturally, *AB3D2* is sound, if uninspired.

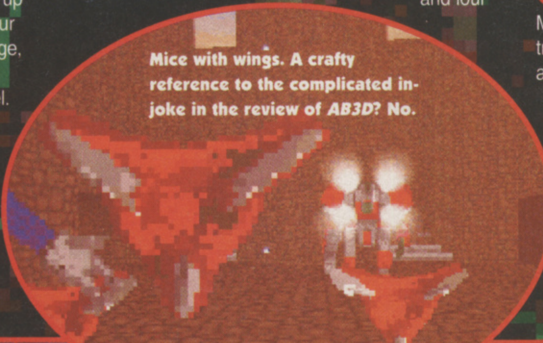
I was too busy having fun to notice. But the sequel's limp design and palpable sense of going through the motions amplify even the most piffling errors to gruesome levels. (It's hard drive-installable, for instance, but you have to reset to leave the game. The copy protection uses an ambiguous futuristic typeface. The passwords have been dropped for saved game slots which only save between levels and so act exactly like passwords, except you just have five of them for the sixteen levels and so can't jump between favourite screens later on unless you happen to like less than six of them. The 2Mb version of the game lets you use the brilliantly-implemented CD32 joypad in the menus, but the 4Mb version doesn't. When dead, you have to press the escape key to restart, rather than, say, the fire button. Exits aren't marked, presumably to give the impression of a continuously unfolding story but in fact making you kick things as you run pell-mell up some stairs chased by a squad of monsters, your marine starts to think in a slowly-printed message, "Perhaps I should check I haven't missed anything," and suddenly you've finished the level. Things that you'd expect to be picked up in playtesting. You know.)

That limp design then. As in *AB3D* you run around buildings and tunnels, then outside for a bit. You also run around a spaceship, which is like a building with tunnels in it. You can jump. You can fly with a short-hop jetpack. You can look up and down, which is so thoughtlessly underused I'd been playing for days, all of a sudden remembered there should be such an option, found it, smoothly looked up and down for a bit, went "Pffff" with my lips and carried on as usual. Ingredients, then, for some clever excitement. But as going "Pfff" with my lips and another f has tipped the wink, no. There's a lack of care that's hurtful. The situations are familiar, the surprises non-existent. The pacing of the levels, spot-on in the original, is miserable. It's that type of game where, if you don't make it through a fight with a certain percentage of energy, you must quit and try again, because regardless of skill you simply will not survive to the next medikit. And any game that makes you consciously give up before you're dead has something seriously wrong. If only you could save at any point, or at terminals or something, or Team 17 stopped thinking that *Tower Assault* was a good idea and put in more medikits. Remember, kids, a balanced game is a fun game. I didn't think it much fun to fight like a demon to complete a level with a tiny amount of energy left, then start the next facing a locked door and four giant lava pools to cross to reach the key. In *AB3D* you zinged around, wading in and scrapping with enjoyment. In the sequel you nurse your marine from one farcically unconsidered encounter to the next.

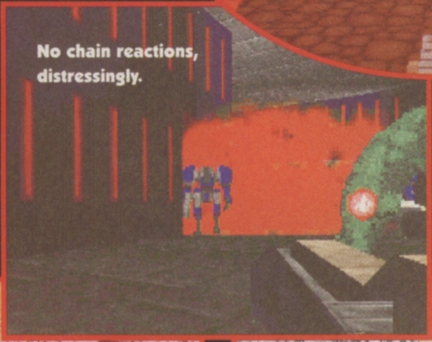
Why, then, you may muse, have I awarded it 98%? I haven't, obviously. I'm lying. I've always wanted to do a false The Bottom Line. In fact I've given the 2Mb version of *AB3D2* 59% and the slothful 4Mb version 54%, speculatively edging up into the mid-60s if you have a fast enough Amiga to run it properly, which we don't. I strongly dislike the idea of neat little summaries absolving people of reading the review and await someone rushing in to say, "*AB3D2* has scored 98%!" at which I'll raise my head from the crumpled heap in which I'm contractually obliged to lie, ha ha at them and then fall lifeless.

GZ

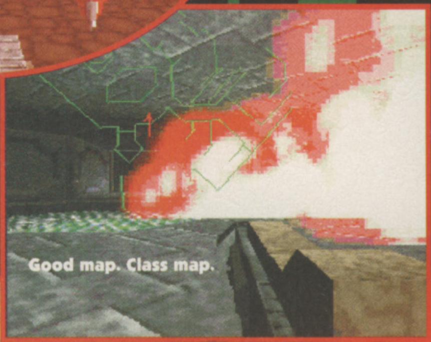
Mechanically, *AB3D2* is a mess. (Except for the transparent automap, which moves and everything, and is completely great.) (And the still lovely health and ammo reservoir, which pleasingly mean you can carry more than the screen can show.) Commendably there's an enhanced version bundled for faster Amigas with at least 4Mb of memory, but playing on both a 68030 A1200 and a 68040 A4000 gave nothing beyond unacceptable sluggishness in full-screen high-res mode, those eight or so of you who own such machines will be slightly miffed to know. (But phew, a sheet in the box offers £40 off accelerator boards costing £200 and £600.) The 2Mb version, for unexpanded A1200s, is pitifully cut-down, with a small screen, chunky graphics and (a fact Team 17 naughtily fail to mention on the box) uniformly-shaded



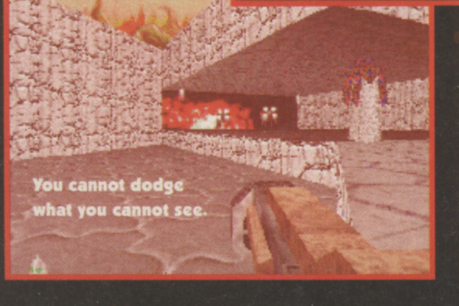
Mice with wings. A crafty reference to the complicated in-joke in the review of *AB3D*? No.



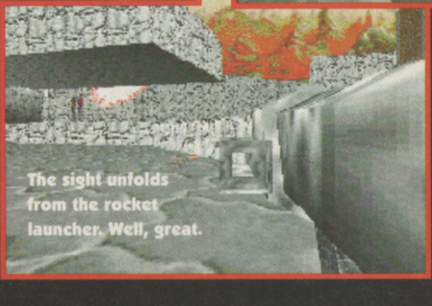
No chain reactions, distressingly.



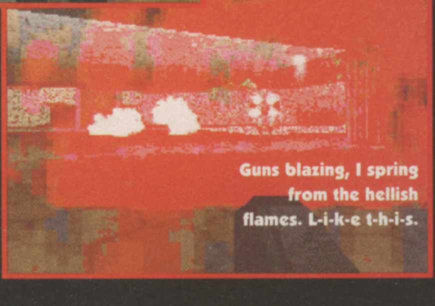
Good map. Class map.



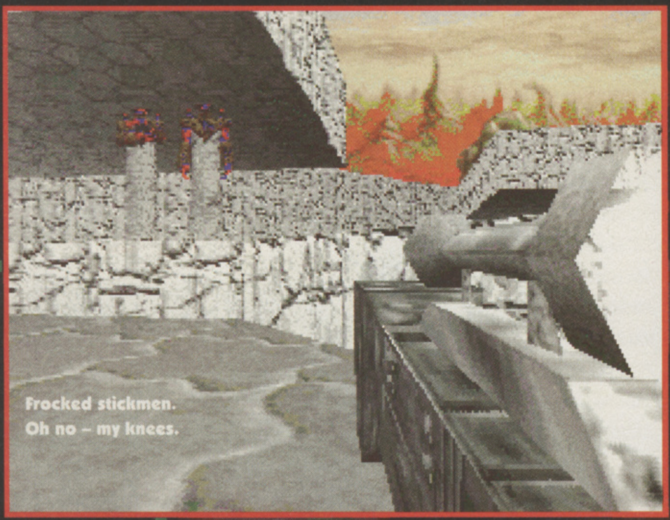
You cannot dodge what you cannot see.



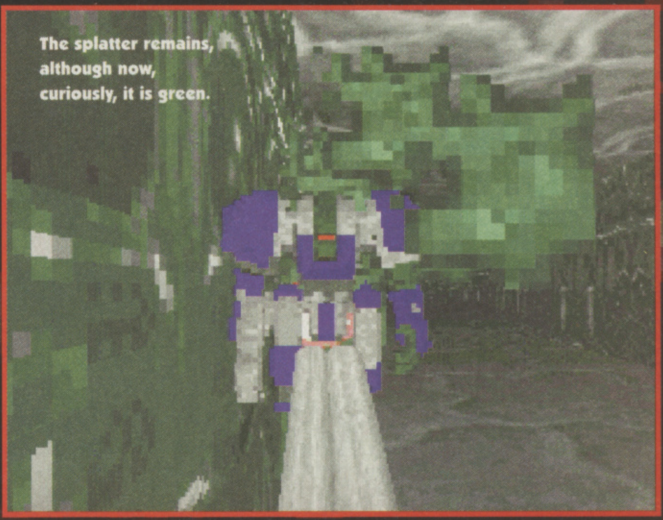
The sight unfolds from the rocket launcher. Well, great.



Guns blazing, I spring from the hellish flames. L-i-k-e t-h-i-s.



Frocked stickmen. Oh no – my knees.



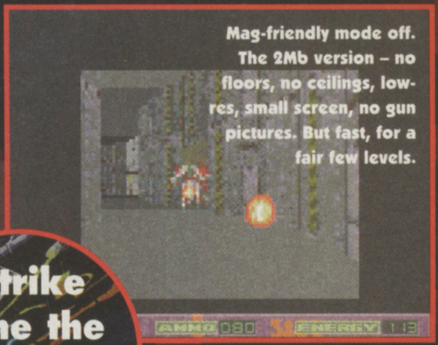
The splatter remains, although now, curiously, it is green.

blankness for floors and ceilings. This means you can't discern floor depths and will frequently blunder off ledges which look like level paving. This version does, however, maintain an extremely acceptable running speed right up to about halfway through the game, when the architecture becomes too complicated and everything starts moving with hyphens in between. *AB3D2* isn't meant for standard A1200s, which the staggering majority of A1200 owners have. Your fault for not investing in the future of the Amiga, you pigs.

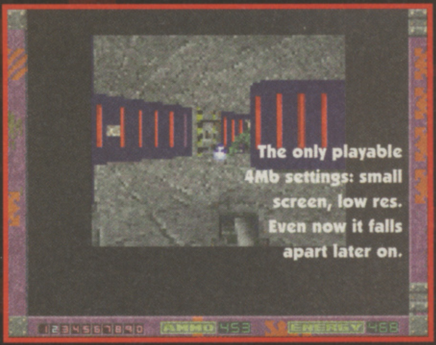
It isn't really meant for unaccelerated A1200s, either: AP's less common but nevertheless well-known 4Mb machine, upon which I largely tested the game, went a bit cranky until I fiddled with the controls to make the screen the lowest possible resolution. The result – an acceptable speed until fights happened, at which point it went a bit cranky once more. Again, the slipshod design of the game amplifies the problem (*AB3D* escaped penalty for its fits of temper by virtue of being fun to play, you'll recall) but settling for the game lagging behind so you overcompensate your movements, ending up pointing in the wrong direction over and over again is unforgivably slack. Jetpack and jump aside (the latter being horribly disorientating, ridiculously variable in height and absolutely not worth the bother) *AB3D2* does nothing clever that *AB3D* hadn't, so what on earth is going on? Team 17 can't be intending for you to buy a £1,000 Amiga to play their game.

More easily pinned down are the howling errors in non-projectile weapons – when attacked by monsters with machine-guns or mind blasts (or whatever those frocked stickmen are supposed to be doing) you haven't a clue where they are as their invisible shots strike home; the appalling graphic glitches which occasionally leave you fatally stuck in a wall; the sound bugs so monsters only erratically announce their presence; the monsters' shots knocking you backwards, but yours not debilitating them; and the heading-for-a-deading doorknob idiocy of having a button to open doors, but then having some doors open automatically if you touch them, so when you're circling and sidestepping an attacker and naturally brush against a wall, if it's an automatic door, it opens to release more monsters. If only they'd used 4Mb accelerated playtesters.

> **"Strike home the appalling graphic"**



Mag-friendly mode off. The 2Mb version – no floors, no ceilings, low-res, small screen, no gun pictures. But fast, for a fair few levels.



The only playable 4Mb settings: small screen, low res. Even now it falls apart later on.

AP

Splendidly, Team 17 have included the editors used to write *AB3D2*, which are always fun to play around with and make new levels for the game if it's good, which as all readers know, ha ha, it isn't. Still. Perhaps you could convert some levels of *Quake*. The two-player mode, so poor in the original *AB3D*, is back, you still wander around the normal levels with no monsters and all the doors open, and it's still a waste of time.

There you are, then. Enough of the original remains to float *AB3D2* the right side of 50% – the strength of the idea's to thank for that, and it's certainly better than *Breathless* – and the 4Mb version has a marvellously atmospheric grinding sub-noise soundtrack that impressively succeeds in making unexpected appearances of the rubbish monsters scary. But the game is a comprehensive disappointment, especially as all the original people were involved, requires an absurdly expensive machine to run properly, and is unfit to box in the ring with *Gloom*. (You'll naturally have *AB3D* already.) If only they'd paid more attention to balancing out the levels. If only they'd tweaked the monsters so they didn't activate until you'd walked somewhere near them and so had an idea of where they were on the map. If only – but hist.

Look out – it is a big mantis.

At this point you'd likely expect a description of doors bursting open and an entertainingly slow-motion gun battle with pistols ejecting from sleeves and opponents armed with Thompsons, possibly spilling over into a visually arresting climax aboard a hijacked off-service double-decker as 412,618 rounds are fired within the confines of the lower deck, but Stuart has bagsied the permitted script review so you'll have to use your imaginations. Now cut mentally to a shot of my victorious assailants crowding round in such a manner as to conceal me from camera, observing, "Why, it's just a cork pop-gun," then in a surprise twist shock reversal bluff ending saying, "Wait a minute – this is just some kind of highly advanced automaton big doll thing," and the sound of me chuckling a-ha ha ha, correctly punctuated, as you see a complicated shiny control panel that is shut into a roll-desk by my figure which passes from shot, a final pull-out showing the desk in the study from the first scene, a quite beautiful view of Canada framed in the window. Good heavens; I've escaped.

● *JONATHAN NASH*

▲ **UPPERS** The best game ever on the Amiga – bar no game that has ever been on the Amiga!

▼ **DOWNERS** Eventually you'll have finished it and will no longer need to play it!

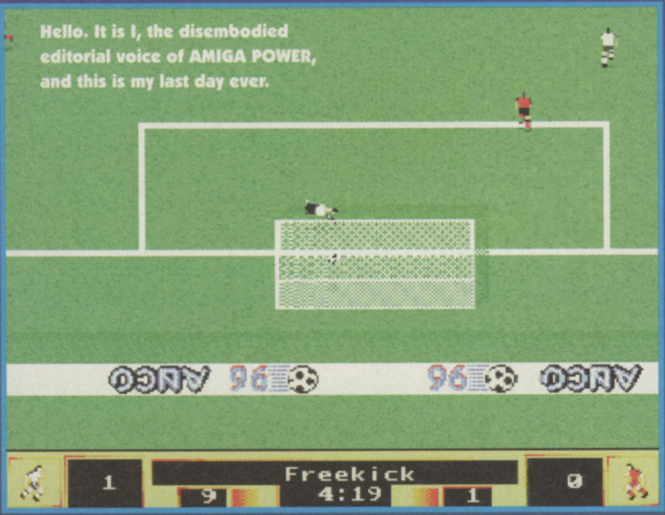
THE BOTTOM LINE

With games of this quality, there's no reason why the Amiga can't conquer the PC!

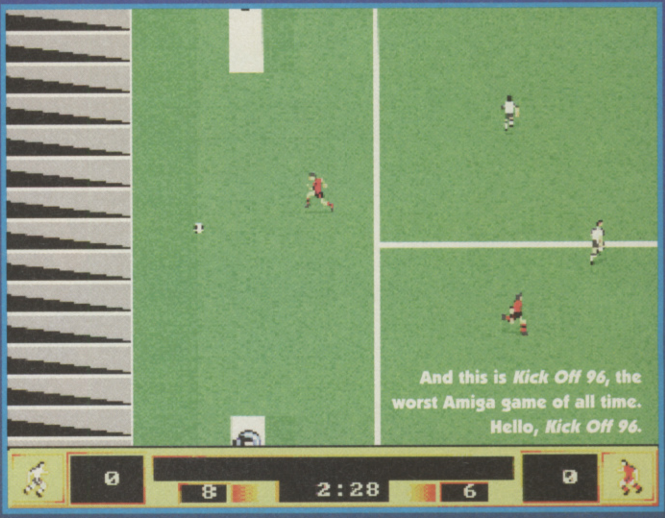
98 PERCENT

THE BOTTOM LINE

A500 In a doubly surprising twist shock reversal bluff post-credits sequence, there is a low shot angled upwards of Jonathan standing outside looking pleased; he is then squashed by a falling anvil.



Hello. It is I, the disembodied editorial voice of AMIGA POWER, and this is my last day ever.



And this is *Kick Off 96*, the worst Amiga game of all time. Hello, *Kick Off 96*.

KICK O

"Liberty is a bitch who must be bedded on a mattress of corpses" – Louis-Antoine St Just, Thermidor, Year II.

Runs on: A500, A600, A1200
Authors: Steve Screech, we expect
Publisher: Anco
Price: £20

Scene: A dingy corner of a run-down office, viewed through a telephoto lens from a building some distance away. Some figures can be seen huddled around a flickering screen, occasionally gesturing or scribbling on a small notepad. Suddenly the silent whiteout explosion of a flash grenade momentarily obliterates the view. The confused figures have no time to gather their thoughts before they are rushed by a team of body-armoured assault troops with mirror-visored helmets. Black hoods are jammed roughly over their heads and they are bundled out of the room. Barely seven seconds have passed.

Scene: A shabby, hastily-adapted courtroom. A hooded and handcuffed figure is led in, to jeering from an unsightly crowd of fat, sweaty young men in Iron Maiden t-shirts who entirely occupy the public gallery. The figure is shoved into the dock, whereupon an official removes the hood, revealing the defendant as Stuart Campbell, videogame journalist. The jeering intensifies as the defendant looks around in disgust. The judge takes his seat. He is the First Cyclist.

FIRST CYCLIST: You are charged that from the 19th of January 1991 to the 20th August 1996, you did wilfully participate in a conspiracy with other members of the magazine AMIGA POWER to unlawfully murder the popular home computer the Amiga. Furthermore, you are charged that during this time you did deliberately and with malice aforethought attempt to facilitate this aim by unfairly maligning the reputations of those concerned with supporting said machine, to wit, software publishers. This offence carries the death penalty. How do you plead?

"Couple of good years"

SC: Not guilty, bignose.

FIRST CYCLIST: You will address the bench as "Your honour".

SC: Bignose, your honour, whatever.

FIRST CYCLIST: Counsel for the prosecution, you may cross-examine the witness.

(The prosecution counsel steps up to the dock. He is the Second Cyclist.)

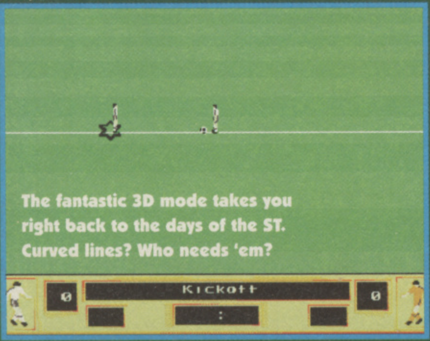
SECOND CYCLIST: It is true, is it not, that the Amiga is dead?

SC: Very much so. Only a deluded fool would claim otherwise.

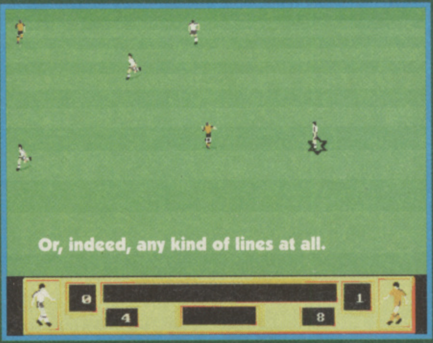
SECOND CYCLIST: And it is also true, is it not, that this was not a death of natural causes?

SC: Certainly. What with the AGA chipset and the death of all the competition, it could easily have had at least another couple of good years left in it.

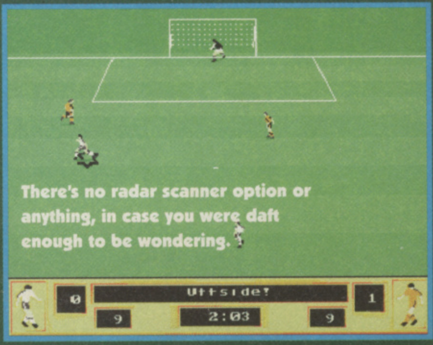
SECOND CYCLIST: If you hadn't murdered it, of course.



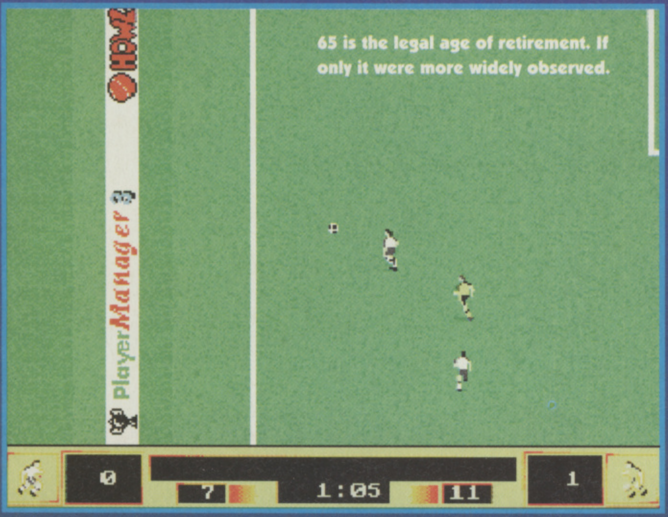
The fantastic 3D mode takes you right back to the days of the ST. Curved lines? Who needs 'em?



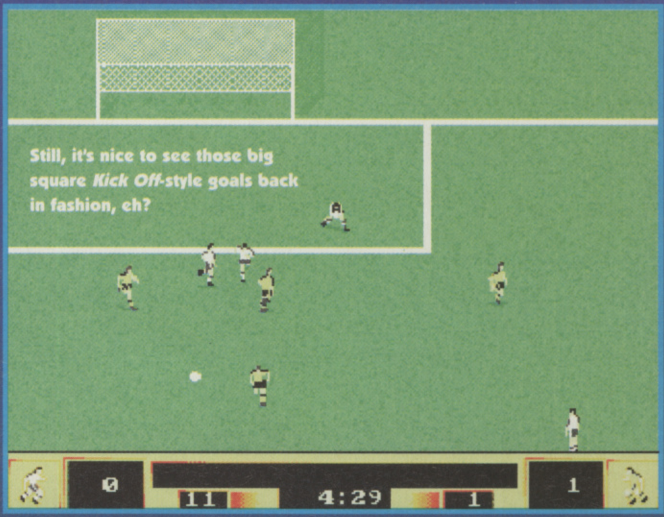
Or, indeed, any kind of lines at all.



There's no radar scanner option or anything, in case you were daft enough to be wondering.

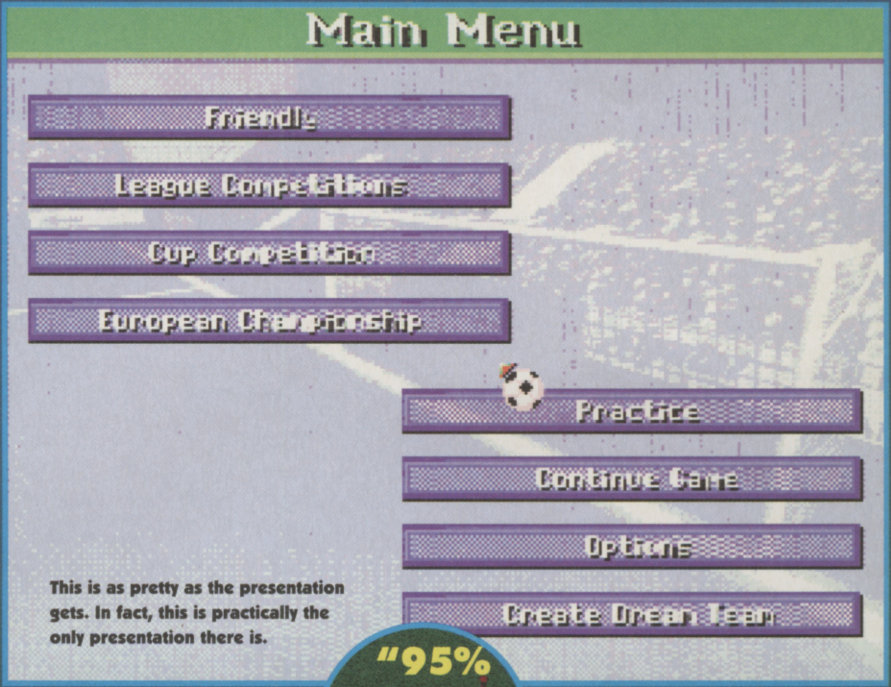


65 is the legal age of retirement. If only it were more widely observed.



Still, it's nice to see those big square *Kick Off*-style goals back in fashion, eh?

OFF '96



This is as pretty as the presentation gets. In fact, this is practically the only presentation there is.

SC: We didn't murder the Amiga, we tried to save it. We tried to make it an oasis in the 'interactive entertainment' desert, the last bastion of true, pure gameplay, affordable to the masses. Look at our Ultimate All-Time Top 100 – where other machines' charts are full of endless monotonous beat-'em-ups and driving games, the Amiga's best games are a world of diversity and innovation unseen since the days of the 8-bits. From the dizzying platforms of *Blob* to the steampunk teamplay of *The Chaos Engine,* to the shining brutality of *Speedball 2,* to the inspirational weirdness of *Wizkid,* to the brainwrenching beauty of *Gem'X,* to the relentless intensity of *Banshee,* to the superfast future madness of *Projectyle,* to the steely discipline of *E-Motion,* to the pioneering spirit of *Knights Of The Sky,* to the masterful strategy of *Sabre Team A1200,* to the pinpoint realism of *F1 GP,* to the poignant carnage of *Cannon Fodder,* to the sheer gameplay genius of *SWOS...* these are the games we championed when others were content to acclaim shabby reheats of tired genre pieces and clones of earlier successes. The Amiga, even the A1200 could never compete on level ground with the 16-bit consoles on their own territory, far less the next generation machines (check out any of the *Street Fighter* games for conclusive proof) – we tried to make it strong on its own terms, to carve it a place in the world of videogaming where pure design skill could be showcased and triumph in a way that it never can in the slow-moving, stiflingly cautious, corporately-restricted world of the consoles. And on a platform which people could actually afford to buy without selling a new organ every two months, unlike the PC.

SECOND CYCLIST: And you did all of this by, what, giving more marks under 20% than any magazine in the history of leisure computing?

SC: Giving something like *SWOS* 95% is utterly devalued if you also give, for example, *Rise Of The Robots* 92%. Percentage ratings are meaningless unless you use the full range, and you can't give credit where it's due if you're pretending that everything's good. What encouragement does that give developers to produce quality? They might as well knock it out at half the cost and in a third of the time if they're only going to get another 3% for doing it properly. Of course, the market will die much faster if people get continually stiffed by crap games, but hey – there's always another machine to move to and start the cycle again.

SECOND CYCLIST: But everyone else marks from 65% up – it's what the punters expect. You're just confusing them.

SC: And if everyone else jumped off a cliff, would you do it too?

SECOND CYCLIST: I'll ask the questions here. So if you didn't kill the Amiga, who did?

> "95% is utterly devalued if"

SC: Cripes, how much time have you got?

SECOND CYCLIST: I SAID I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS.

SC: Blimey, keep your cape on. Lots of people are responsible for the death of the Amiga, to one degree or another. You've got the mainstream media, who wouldn't put the Amiga on TV because its graphics weren't impressive enough (the reason why you never saw *Sensible Soccer* on Gamesmaster, for example, despite it being an obvious challenge game and one of the best-selling computer games of all-time on any format). You've got the idiot public, who fell for hype over gameplay time after time after time – *Rise Of The Robots* heavily outsold *Dynablaster, Guardian, Exile, Gloom, Super Stardust, Zeewolf, Head Over Heels, Banshee* and *Wizkid* put together, for example. You've got Amiga owners themselves, who seemed determined to jam themselves irretractably into a scabby little ghetto of football management games and flight sims – *Airbus A320,* for Christ's sake! You've got the games industry in general, which decided two-and-a-half years ➤

ago to kill the Amiga off for not being profitable enough – we've still got the minutes of the 1994 industry summit in the office for proof. But most of all, more than anyone, you've got the developers who produced utter, utter shit like *Kick Off '96*.

FIRST CYCLIST: The defendant will moderate his language in court!

SC: Or what? You'll shoot me?

(There is jeering in the court, and a sudden barrage of rotten fruit appears from nowhere and is hurled at the dock by the crowd. Court officials attempt to restore calm, without success.)

FIRST CYCLIST: The court will adjourn for ten minutes.

(Scene: an anteroom of the court. The First Cyclist sits at a desk covered in papers, while the Second Cyclist stands at the opposite side, leaning against the desk edge. Appearing in shot from the far end of the room is the Third Cyclist.)

THIRD CYCLIST: Okay, it's going according to plan so far. Just keep it up.

SECOND CYCLIST: I still don't understand. Aren't we supposed to be on the side of The Truth? Are we really going to kill them all?

THIRD CYCLIST: Look, I know it's weird, but trust me. There are forces at work here that even beings as mighty as we cannot hope to comprehend. The AP team knew what they were taking on – perhaps, in another time and another place, they will come to understand why they had to be sacrificed. For now, comrades, we must simply perform our appointed task, as does our brother elsewhere. Let the trial continue.

(Scene: back in the courtroom. Order reigns once more.)

SECOND CYCLIST: Explain yourself.

SC: Look, everyone knows that crap games are what kill machines. Look at the Jaguar, or the Lynx, the Game Gear or even the 3DO – capable machines all, but destroyed by a lack of good software. And in the quiet shade of the Amiga market, software publishers have committed crimes greater than those seen anywhere else (just look at last month's reviews – the average for the issue was 7%). *Kick Off '96* is only the worst.

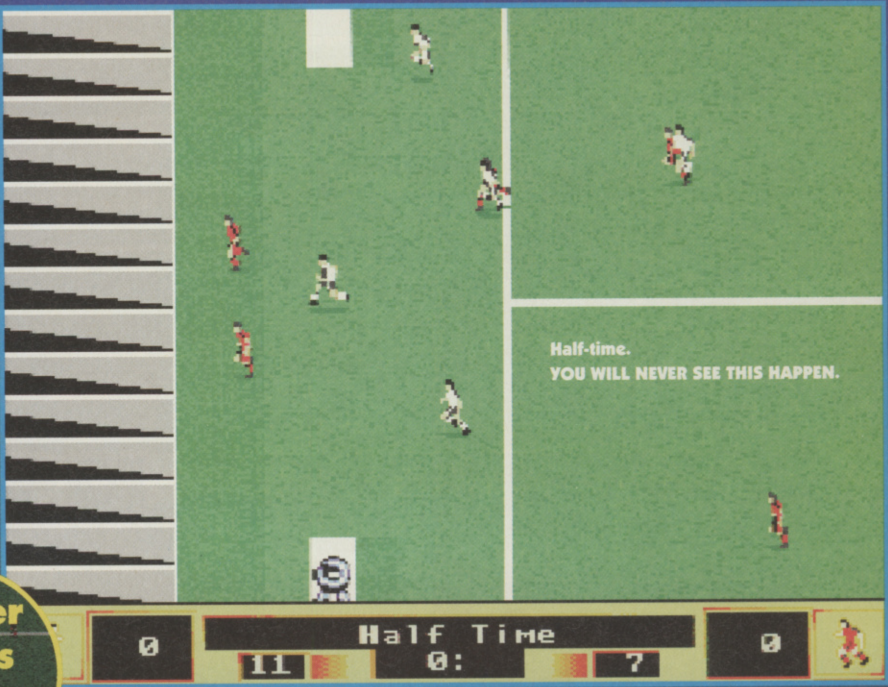
SECOND CYCLIST: Come off it. Everyone knows you just hate *Kick Off*.

SC: True, but even *Kick Off* fans are being ripped off this time. Many of the flaws are just the same ones present all through the series (ridiculous control, over-close view, three sound effects, insulting lack of attention to detail, teams playing in entirely the wrong colours – I mean, how hard is *that* to get right?), but there are a whole series of new ones here, and one which effectively renders the entire game literally unplayable. There seems, then, little point in expanding very much on the rest (even, for example, the one that lets the game clock tick down continually while it waits for you to take a free kick, goal kick etc, although you can wait all day if you like without the kick being taken automatically. So, even if the injury-time bug wasn't present, you could win every game by simply getting a goal ahead, then getting a goal kick and waiting. It's like *International Rugby Challenge* never happened).

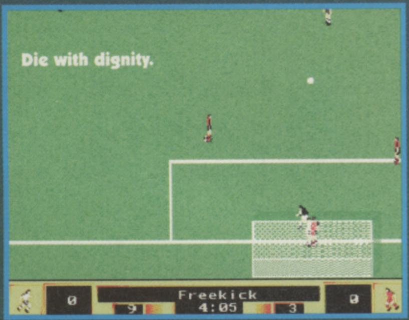
SECOND CYCLIST: And this flaw is?

SC: The fact that in about 95% of the games you play, FIRST HALF INJURY TIME GOES ON FOREVER. At least, I think it's forever – the longest I ever tested for was four hours, but it wasn't

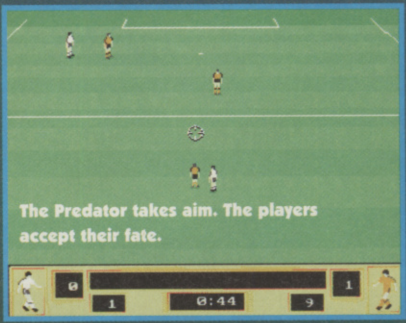
> "Order reigns once more"



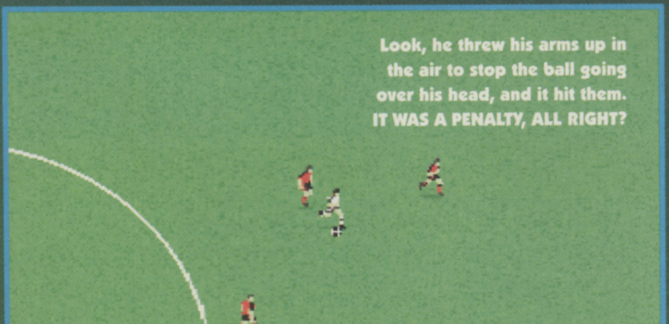
Half-time.
YOU WILL NEVER SEE THIS HAPPEN.



Die with dignity.



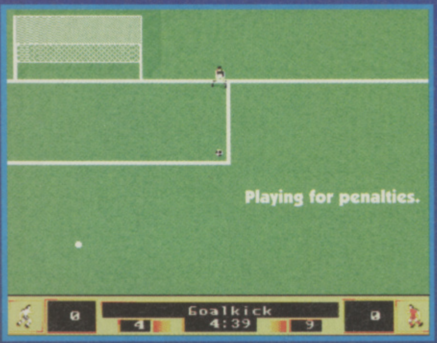
The Predator takes aim. The players accept their fate.



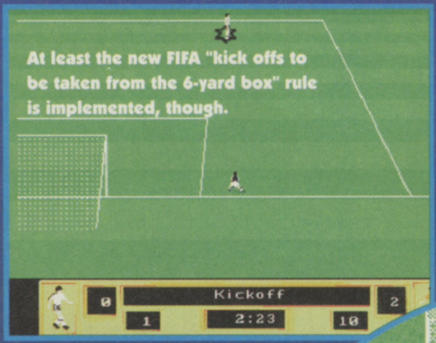
Look, he threw his arms up in the air to stop the ball going over his head, and it hit them. IT WAS A PENALTY, ALL RIGHT?

96
AMIGA 96
3
0
9
2:19
1

"You get it."
"No, YOU get it."
"Shan't."

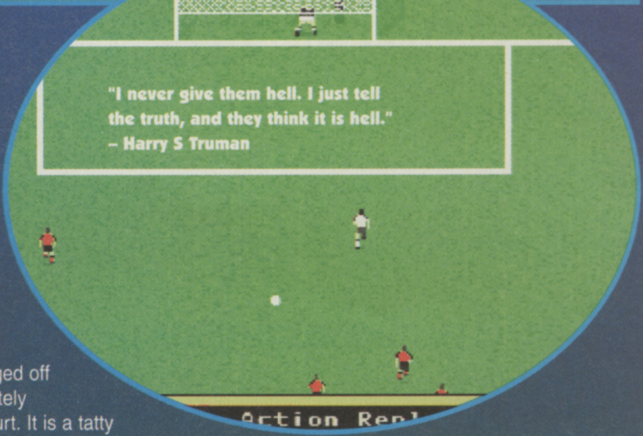


Playing for penalties.



At least the new FIFA "kick offs to be taken from the 6-yard box" rule is implemented, though.

Hello? Hello?



"I never give them hell. I just tell the truth, and they think it is hell." – Harry S Truman

showing any signs of stopping. You NEVER GET TO HALF TIME, which means, obviously, that you NEVER GET TO FINISH A GAME, which means, obviously, that all the league, cup and European Championships options, the creation of the 'Dream Teams', the four different passing styles catering for up to four-button joysticks and the 10,000 sets of real player statistics are a COMPLETE WASTE OF TIME.

This happened on every machine we ran the game on, in all competitions and we were using the finished, boxed version of the game. It's LITERALLY UNPLAYABLE, as would have been obvious to the most cursory playtesting imaginable, and it's been stuck into the shops anyway. THAT'S HOW MUCH ANCO THINK OF YOU. Would that it was only them.

SECOND CYCLIST: Yeah, but, at the end of the day, who cares what you think about anything? No further questions, your honour.

FIRST CYCLIST: Counsel for the defence.

(The defence counsel rises briefly to his feet. He is the Third Cyclist.)

THIRD CYCLIST: No questions, your honour.

SC: Well, thanks for the spirited defence.

FIRST CYCLIST: Very well. The court finds the defendant guilty on all charges. I shall now pass sentence.

(Puts black cap on over his black Cyclist's cape and hood. The effect is minimal.)

FIRST CYCLIST: For the crime of killing the Amiga, I hereby sentence you to death by firing squad. Sentence will be carried out immediately.

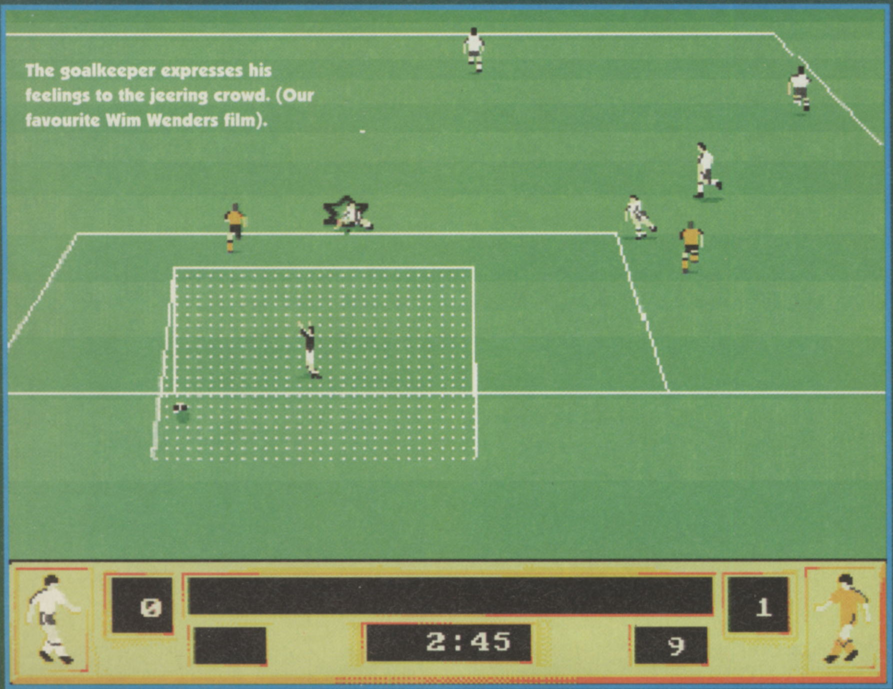
"Would that it was only them"

(The defendant is dragged off to a room immediately adjoining the court. It is a tatty room, and bullet holes pockmark the walls. He is unceremoniously tied to a chair and blindfolded, and the rifles of the firing squad appear through slits in a large black tarpaulin draped from the ceiling. There is a momentary hush as a sergeant-at-arms raises his stick into the air, and a deafening fusillade as he snaps it downwards. Blood seeps through the defendant's AP T-shirt.)

SC: (coughs)… is that the best you can do?

(The sergeant-at-arms' stick rises and falls again. There is another burst of fire. This time, there is only silence).]

● **REPORT OF THE CLERK OF THE COURT**



The goalkeeper expresses his feelings to the jeering crowd. (Our favourite Wim Wenders film).

THE DEFENDANT'S LAST TESTAMENT

▲ **UPPERS** It's a shabby rip-off aimed at separating desperate and gullible Amiga owners from their money. It's riddled with bugs, it's clearly been rushed out with the absolute minimum of effort, and the fact that there are still people out there stupid enough to buy it because of the name, or because they think "Well it's AMIGA POWER, they *would* say that", who'll then have 20 quid less to spend on food, rent and heating, possibly leading to their death from starvation or hypothermia and a subsequent microscopic increase in the world's average IQ, is the only reason it's getting any marks at all.

▼ **DOWNERS** The fact that those responsible for it are still alive and free to walk the streets.

THE BOTTOM LINE

Fittingly, the worst game in AP's history, on the grounds that you simply can't play it. At least *Rise Of The Robots* and *International Rugby Challenge* basically *worked.* (As I write, first half injury time in Germany vs the Czech Republic has been going on for two and a half hours (real time), and shows no signs of reaching an end, with the scores tightly poised at 75-0 to the Czechs.) If you buy it, or if you had any part in its development, I hope a hideous tropical disease renders you eternally sterile, incapable of infecting the future of the world with your failed and worthless genes.

1 PERCENT

THE BOTTOM LINE

A1200 No, really.

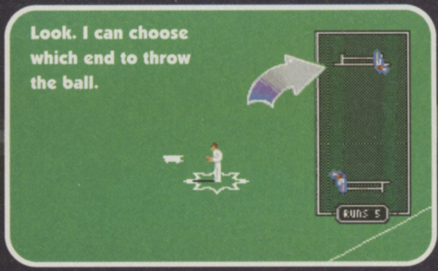
BRIAN LARA CRICKET

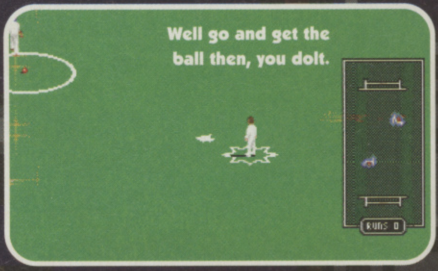
Neither repented they of their murders, nor of their sorceries.

Runs on: A500, A600, A1200
Publisher: Audiogenic
Authors: In-house
Price: £20
Release: Out now

People think it's an easy life reviewing computer games: It is and it isn't. It is easy when compared to mining coal or working in McDonald's, it isn't easy when it's compared to doing nothing. Which is what most computer game reviewers would rather be doing. Nothing. We're a lazy bunch of cynical so-and-sos by and large.

So join… Oh excuse me. I've got to sign for this large package the ever-cheerful Phil the postman's brought me. Hmm… It's addressed to 'The LEadEr, AmmigGA POWere', how strange. Anyway…


Look. I can choose which end to throw the ball.


Well go and get the ball then, you dolt.

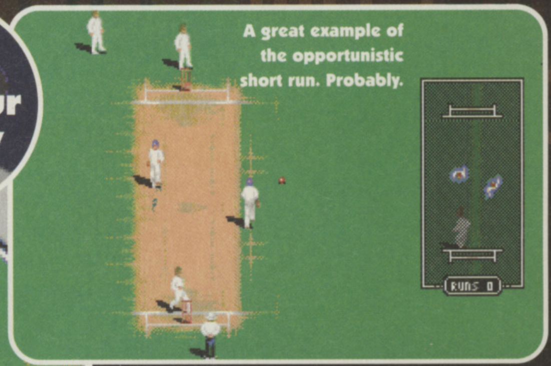
GOOGLY

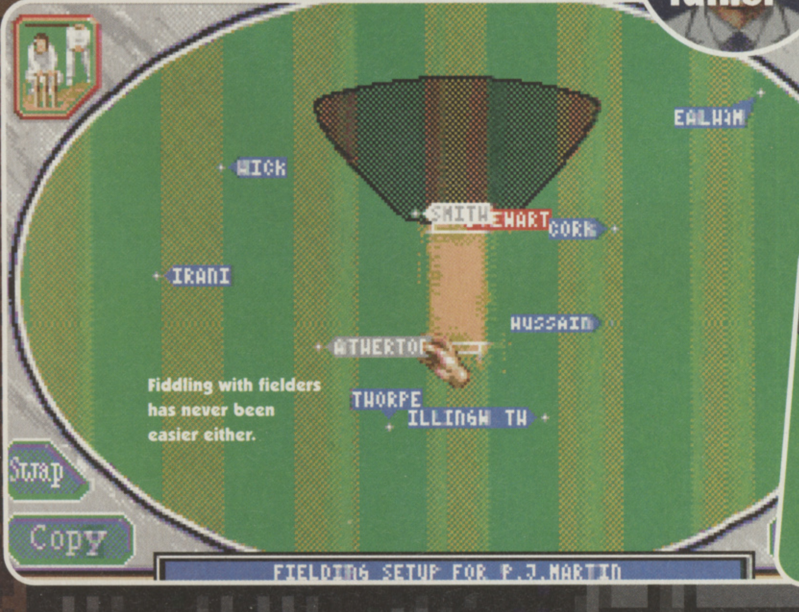
So join me as I lounge in my large and comfortable chair, feet idly resting in the middle of a pile of Amiga Format's paperwork which I am gradually covering in dust, oral needs satisfied by a coffee and a doughnut (I'm sooooo American when I want to be) and cast a jaundiced eye over Audiogenic's 'new' cricket game. "'New'"? you say, "why the quotes?" Ah, you cheeky little tinker of a reader you, you know very well why the quotes. It's because we've been here before, oh I don't know how many times, reviewing Audiogenic's 'new' cricket game, whether it's been called *Graham Gooch Cricket, Imran Khan Cricket, Test Match Special, Brian Lara Cricket* or, indeed as it is now, *Brian Lara Cricket '96*. And they've all been the same bloody game. And your cynical, jaundiced reviewer (who nonetheless is glad not to be working in McDonald's) has been asked to review nearly all of them, having been identified by the AP team early on as 'interested in sport'. Which I've learned has, in the same way as worrying about becoming inexorably more like your father, a lot more to do with getting older (I used to hate watching sport but now find the spectacle of people doing things I'll *never* be able to do as opposed to things I can't be *bothered* to do strangely fascinating) than anything else. But I digress.

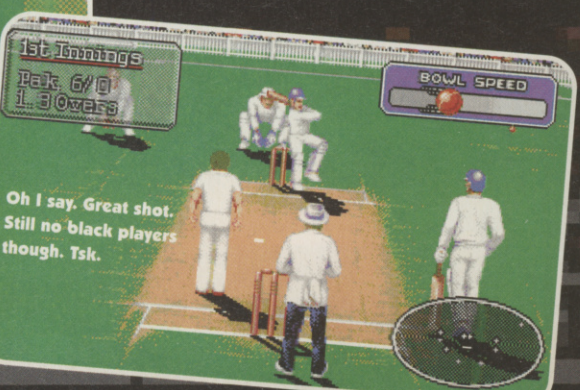
So is there… I'm sorry. Is that you ticking or is it me? No, obviously it's neither of us, but I could have sworn I heard something. Oh, never mind…

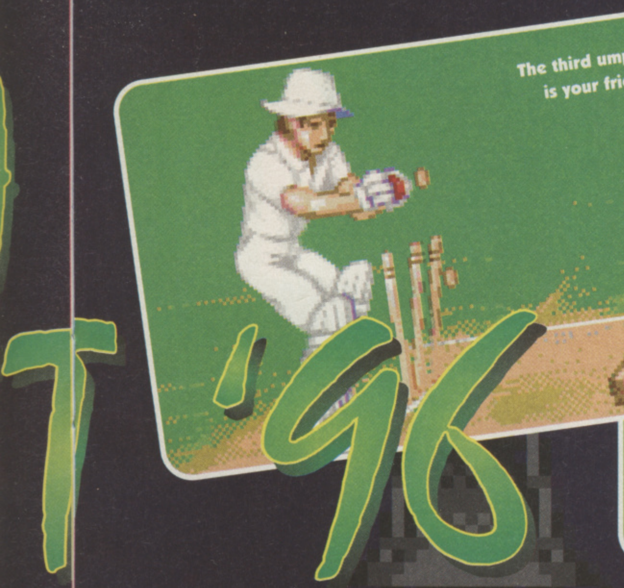
So is there any point to this re-release or is it just another part of Audiogenic's plan to squeeze every last penny they can out of the Amiga games player even if it means making him 'accidentally' buy a game he's bought already just because it's got a new name? Well, in a definite break with tradition, Audiogenic *have* improved their cricket game. For instance, the rather charming bug that's been in *every* previous release of this game where the wicket keeper always throws the ball for a four

"More like your father"

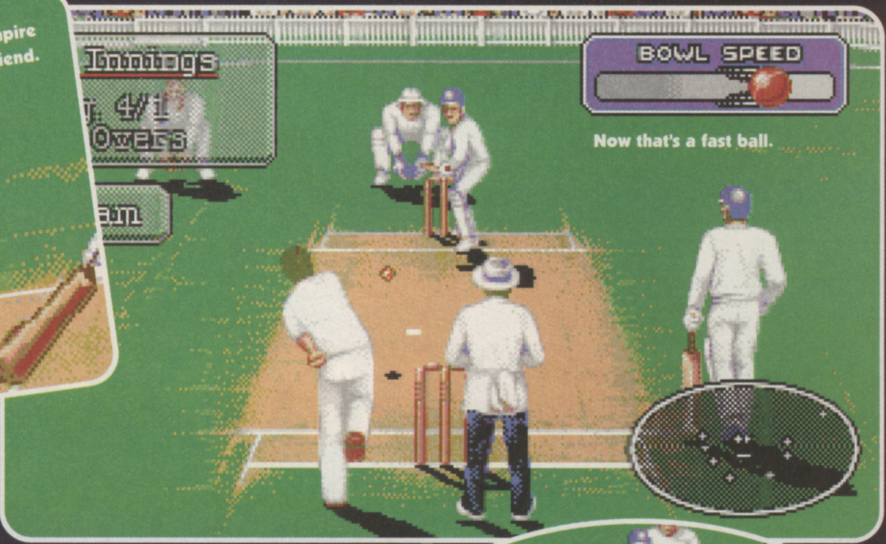

A great example of the opportunistic short run. Probably.


Fiddling with fielders has never been easier either.


Oh I say. Great shot. Still no black players though. Tsk.



The third umpire is your friend.



Now that's a fast ball.

if he's forced to field it himself in a sort of petulant, I-don't-want-to-play-this-game-any-more sort of way has been removed. Now somebody comes in to cover for him and he throws it to them. Well done. And you can field the ball yourself AND CHOOSE WHICH END TO THROW IT TO in a way that you never could before. And there's now a rather nifty thing whenever you're batting that as well as moving the joystick to select the shot you want to take you can now press the fire button if you want a little extra 'oomph' from your batsmen which means that the ball will either fly for a boundary or straight into the hands of a waiting fielder, which is useful when you're playing a limited over game, for instance.

WRONG 'UN

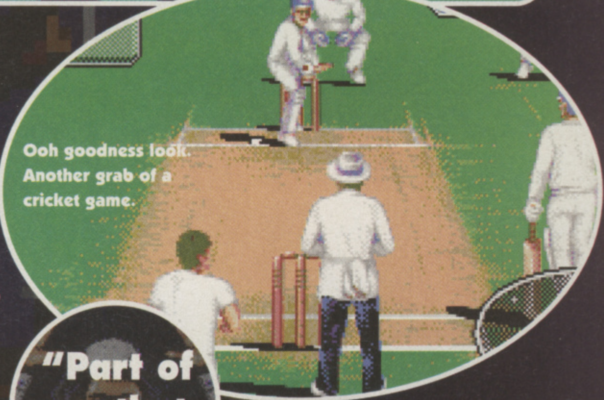
And now when you're caught there's a chance that the fielder might drop you (which I certainly don't REMEMBER from any of the earlier versions of this game) and that makes it more fun to play too. And the batsmen are just a little cleverer than they were before and don't tend to fall for that old trick of bowling them a bouncer every ball and placing your fielders in a sort of doughnut shape around them (they used to swipe wildly and get caught). And there's also a clever disk cache thing in place, the details of which I won't bore you with but which cuts down considerably on disk accessing (if you have more than 1Mb of memory).

In short… It's this package! It's blooming ticking. It's a bomb. Quick. Don't panic. Erm. I know! I'll throw it into the carpark where the advertising staff keep their shiny new company cars. Phew…

In short everything that could have been done to make *Brian Lara Cricket '96* the definitive Audiogenic cricket sim has been done. It's been tidied up, sorted out and dusted down. Just as the Amiga as a games machine coughs its last fleck of blood up from it's diseased chest and slumps its head to the floor. 'Nads.

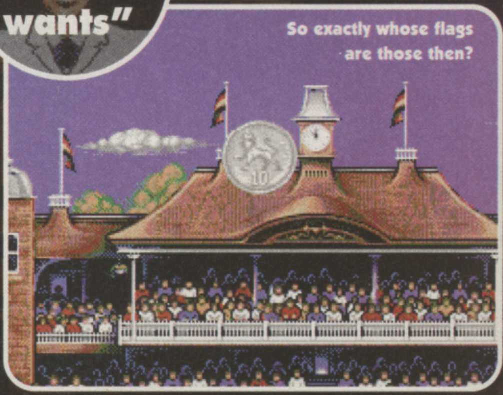
And now to the difficult part of being a games reviewer; deciding on the score. There's a part of me that wants to shout "Oh you sad, cretinous ignoramuses, why has it taken you several YEARS to sort out this game that could always have been this good and instead foisted a succession of bug-ridden, flawed versions on us until we were sick of it. I'm going to give you 20% and let that be a warning to you." And likewise there's a part of me that wants to say "the best Amiga cricket sim in the world just got even better, a game that's delighted and dazzled a generation of gamesplayers has been given the slickest polish yet – well done Audiogenic – 90%". But only because I wanna get quoted on the box.

● *STEVE FARAGHER*

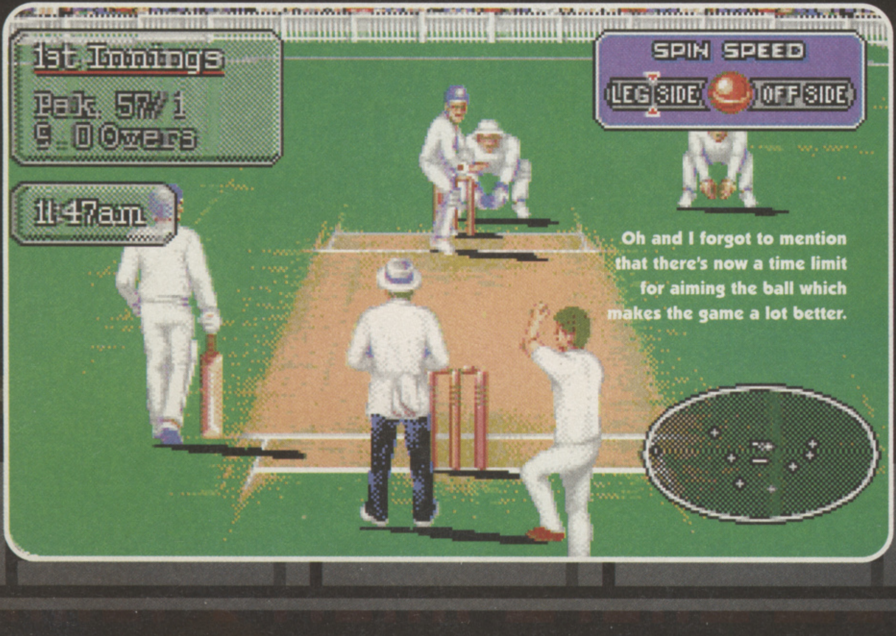


Ooh goodness look. Another grab of a cricket game.

"Part of me that wants"



So exactly whose flags are those then?



Oh and I forgot to mention that there's now a time limit for aiming the ball which makes the game a lot better.

UPPERS Everything works perfectly smoothly and there're a couple of new options that make a marked, if small, difference to the game.

DOWNERS Still essentially the same game that we gave away on our coverdisk two issues ago and I don't really think that's a good enough reason to spend £20, so…

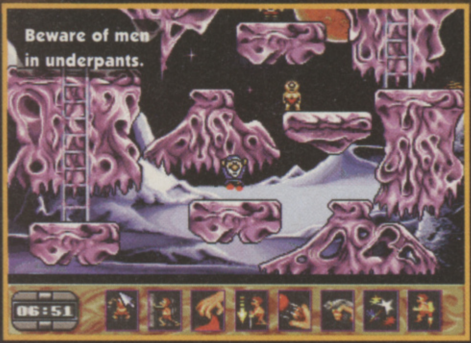
THE BOTTOM LINE

If you're the sort of person who's already bought all five versions of this then you'll be as cheesed off as me. If on the other hand you're the sort of person who's never heard of an audiogenic cricket sim, you'll love this. So 20%+90%=110%, divided by two makes: [muffled 'booooom' from the carpark outside]

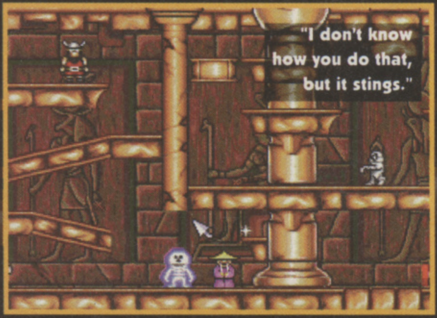
55 PERCENT

HUMA

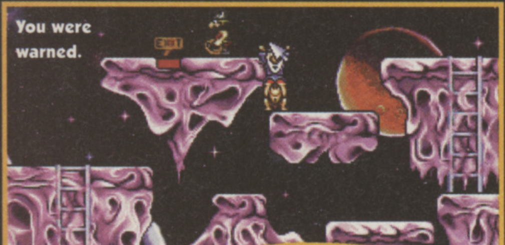
EVOLUTION LO



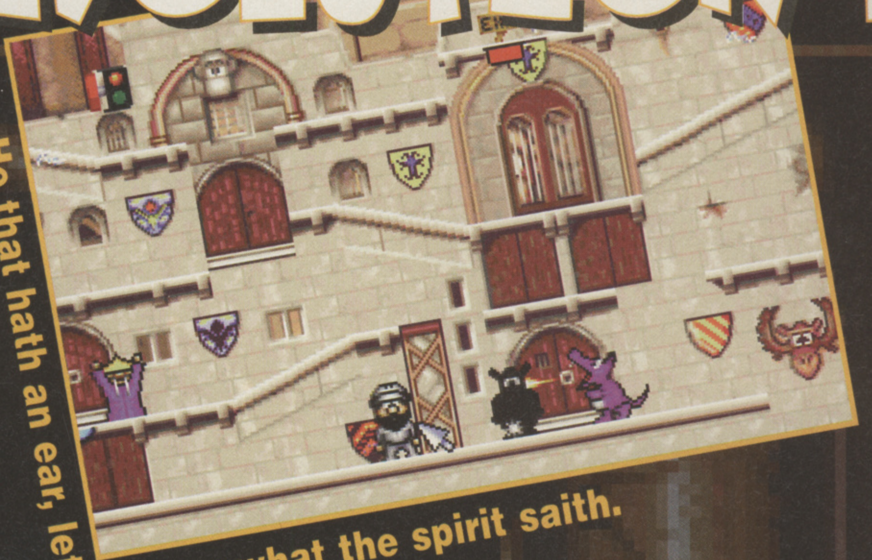
Beware of men in underpants.



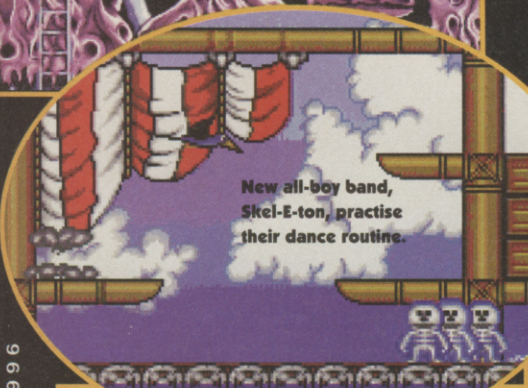
"I don't know how you do that, but it stings."



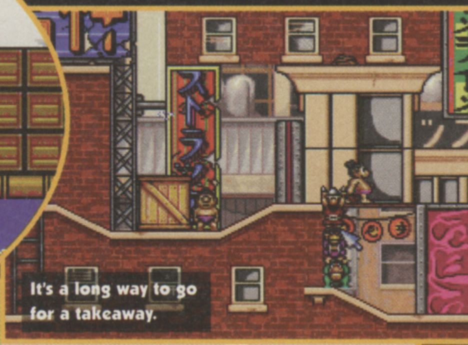
You were warned.



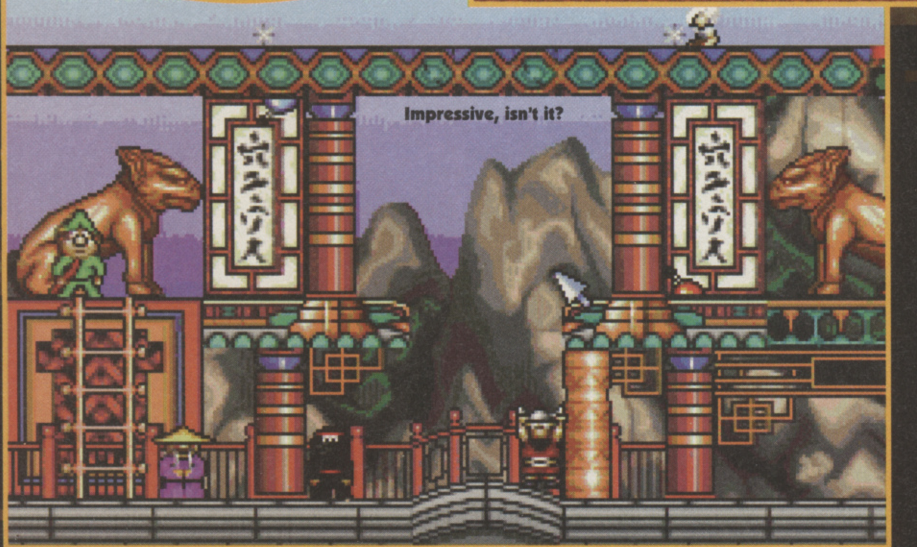
He that hath an ear, let him hear what the spirit saith.



New all-boy band, Skel-E-ton, practise their dance routine.



It's a long way to go for a takeaway.



Impressive, isn't it?

I can scarcely bring myself to say it, but it *is* a dark and stormy night. The balmy summer's day I spent playing in the park with my family gave way to a cool, brooding evening which, in its turn, has become a turbulent, thundersome night. Flashes of jagged light streak the sky and a dark rumbling threatens to drown out the artfully produced mid-'70s progressive rock sounds of Pink Floyd playing in the other room. It's no good, I might as well ask them to leave. A-ha-ha-ha. Ha-ha.

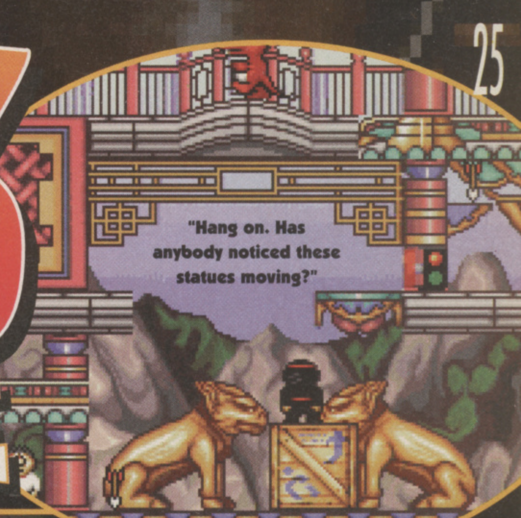
I've been playing *Humans 3* a lot lately. Not because I've been addicted to it in any old fashioned computer gaming sort of way, but because I found myself almost completely unable to believe it and I've had to keep having 'just one more go' to make sure I hadn't dreamed it. I haven't had a very good week.

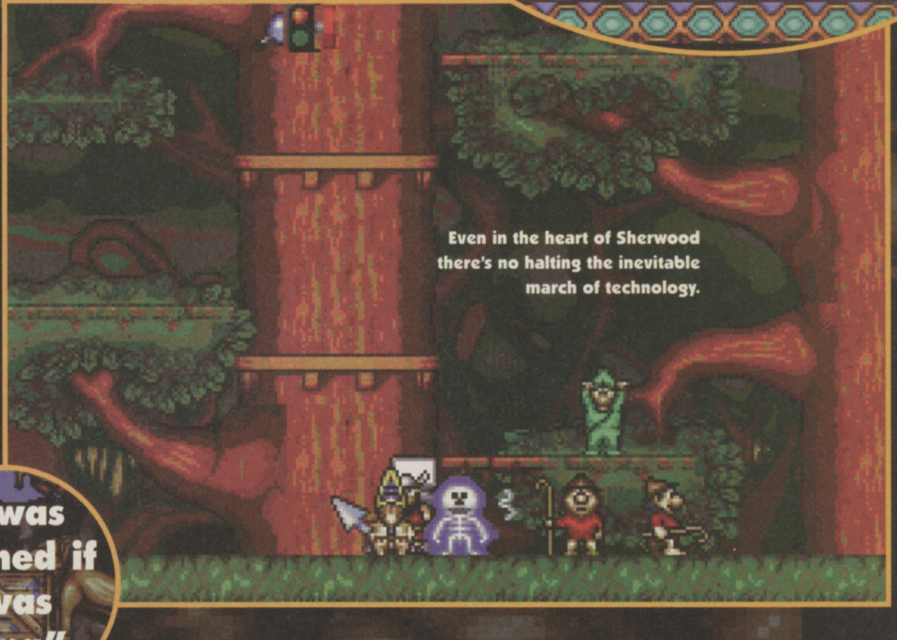
Actually, the storm's getting pretty bad now. Just give me a minute and I'll shut the patio doors and put some headphones on to drown out the noise. Much better.

Humans, as you might well recall, is a puzzle game very much in the same style as *Lemmings*. *Humans 2*, the sequel, seems to have passed pretty much unnoticed by everyone to whom I've spoken on the subject. And now there's a third one. Of it.

Here you have to take a band of, well, humans, from the bottom of a platformy thing to the top within a specified time. To assist you, each of the humans has different abilities, and it is only by means of co-operation (Big Bird would be so proud) that they are able safely to reach their goal. All is much as it was in *Humans – The First One*, except that here evolution has already taken place and the characters are a bit more varied.

ANS 3 LOST IN TIME


"Hang on. Has anybody noticed these statues moving?"


Even in the heart of Sherwood there's no halting the inevitable march of technology.

There's a caveman and a Viking and a Chinese philosopher and Merlin and an Egyptian pharaoh and a ninja and Robin Hood. But not in that order. And you visit levels appropriate to the time and place of each of them as you progress through the game. If you can be bothered.

It all started to go wrong when I tried to follow the hard drive installation instructions in the manual. It all seemed very helpful and friendly until the point when I inserted Disk 1 and found that the required file wasn't there. Nor was it on Disk 2. Nor Disk 3. Disk 4, too, lacked installers. Pah. I had to play it from floppies.

It got worse. I'd been prepared to read installation instructions, but I was damned if I was going to plough through reams of tedious wibble to find out how to play a simple puzzle game. My idleness cost me, dear. I beg your pardon, I mean, 'My idleness cost me dear.' Dearly. The control system is very fiddly and I wasted a great amount of time before going back to the manual to find out what I should be doing.

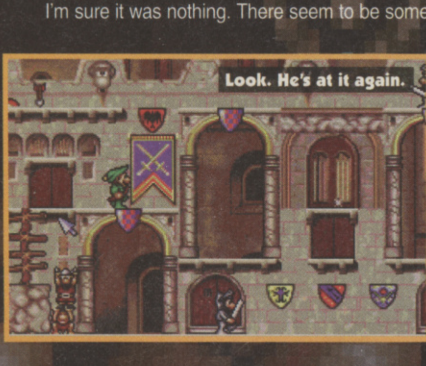
Ah, but back to the controls. I couldn't find my joypad so I opted to use the mouse instead (this turned out to be the only thing I could have done because the 'joypad' in question is the CD32 joypad and not, for instance, the Mega Drive joypad I prefer to use – although I could have configured the game for 'joystick' and then used the MD pad, but I'd have been sufficiently confused by this point that I'd have had to take a break and listen to some soothing music for a while).

> "I was damned if I was going"

RRRRRUMBLE

While we're on the subject of listening to music, I must, since this is the last opportunity we'll have to speak, commend my headphones to you. They're AKG K240s and I bought them in 1980 for £48. It was a lot of money at the time but they're still producing a wonderfully rich, yet crisp, sound so I rather think it was money well spent. You can hear ev… Did you hear that? Was it on the CD or was it outside? Hang on, I'll go and have a look.

I'm sure it was nothing. There seem to be some strange shadows moving about down by the shed (perhaps we could get them to do a couple of choruses of Apache to lift our spirits – A-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha), but it's probably something to do with the lightning. And not, for instance, a Thuggee assassin inexplicably transported half-way round the world and 140 years forwards in time who has mistaken me for the handsome yet brutish Colonel Judd and intends to strangle me to death with the sturdy cable connected to my high quality Austrian headphones. No, that would be silly.


Look. He's at it again.

Once I'd found my way round the controls (lots of 'left click here, then move the pointer, right click there, move the pointer to the menu bar, right click again, no, left click, no, oh damn, he's fallen off and I'll have to start again'), I began to see lots of other things I didn't like. Here are some. Of them.

Pixel-perfect jumps are often required, sometimes to the extent that a character has to be positioned with his feet seemingly in mid-air. Beyond the first few 'familiarisation' levels you get a choice of humans to take on your mission. You may only take four, but you can choose from six or seven. And you have to choose them before you've seen the level. And even when you're playing the level, there doesn't seem to be any way of finding out where your goal is. (In *Lemmings*, for instance, you see the whole puzzle, work out a strategy for solving it and try to implement it. Here you try to keep your characters together while moving them up the screen, but you never really know why.) And the time limits are preposterously short. And if you get fed up with a level there's no way to skip it. There's no way back to the main menu to switch off the music or to swap from mouse control to joypad. Or anything. And the characters don't do any of their special actions unless they're facing left or right – in moments of idleness they face out of the screen and you can't do a damn thing with them. And it's infuriatingly fiddly to control. And all the sections of each of the seven worlds look broadly similar. And I hated it.

No, hang on, I definitely heard something that time – I'm sure that was the patio door sliding open. I'd better go and see wha…

- *TIM NORRIS*

▲ **UPPERS** **Puzzle games are often fun and it's quite satisfying to work out the solution to a bit that's been troubling you for ages.**

▼ **DOWNERS** **Fiddly controls. Dull puzzles that you can't see until the 50th attempt. No HD install routine (despite promises). Pixel-perfect jumps. And an overall sense of tedium and futility that leaves you not caring in the slightest whether the humans live or die.**

THE BOTTOM LINE

Want a puzzle game? *Lemmings. Time Keepers.* And not this one. It tries too hard to be too clever and too different and ends up as a confusing fiddly mess.

26 PERCENT

"And the demons shall turn upon the dragon, and there shall be a terrible battle, and the demons shall cut off the dragon's head. And where the dragon's head falls into the sea there shall be a mighty wave which shall race unto the land and engulf it. And the land shall be barren for a thousand years."

The time

A few drops of rain splash against the windows of the AMIGA POWER office. In the sky overhead, dark clouds gather, propelled by a wind which steadily increases in force. The sun is obliterated, and it is almost as dark as night. Far off in the distance, thunder rumbles.

Above the window, on the roof, sit some ravens. Their sleek black feathers are untroubled by the wind.

There are four of them. (Three big ones and a small one.)

Rain lashes against the roof. Where it strikes the tiles it forms a sheet of water that tumbles, gurgling, into the gutter.

There is a flash of lightning.

Where there were ravens there are now four bicycles. Electricity crackles around their wheels, fire dances along their handlebars, sparks shoot from their Shimano V-Brakes. And on their saddles sit four figures cloaked in black.

* * *

Inside the AMIGA POWER office, behind windows battered by wind and rain, mighty beings are hard at work.

"Write faster, Rich," commands Steve. "Now that Cam, Jonathan Nash, Stuart and Tim are dead, we have twice the work to do."

e nears

"I will," Rich replies breathlessly, his fingers a blur.

Steve looks vexedly towards the window. "The truth must be disseminated," he mutters, and runs over to the filing cabinet to withdraw a handful of galley proofs. But the drawer will not open. His frustration is evident as, citing the anti-tilt mechanism which only allows one drawer to be opened at a time, he slams closed the drawer below, causing the filing cabinet to emit an audible yelp of pain.

"Steady, Steve," Martin advises. "Your miraculous escape has clearly shaken you, but we need you now more than ever. We must be true to our fallen comrades."

"Thank you," Steve replies. "You are of course right." He places a Roger Whittaker recording into the cassette player and turns it up so loud it almost drowns out the wind.

* * *

For a long time, the Four Cyclists of the Apocalypse stand astride their bicycles and watch, their dark cloaks flapping in the wind. Then they move into a circle, rear wheel touching fronts, knobbles interlocking. They raise their arms and the wind increases to a deafening roar. A light appears in the centre of the circle, and grows brighter. In it there is a shape – a human shape. The light slowly fades, and a fifth figure stands on the roof, wearing stripy pyjamas.

It is Jonathan Davies, previously editor of AMIGA POWER.

"Eh?" he says. "What's… Where… The Cyclists! What are you doing here? In fact, what am I doing here?"

After a moment, the First of the Cyclists replies. His voice begins at the edge of consciousness and then, like an avalanche, swells to fill all the senses with the tearing of granite. "We have summoned you."

"Er…" The dethroned editor looks down to see his now sodden pyjamas clinging to his legs and water running over his feet to join the torrent that flows down the tiled roof. "Ugh. I was having a lie in."

The First Cyclist turns to the Second, who continues: "The judgement of AMIGA POWER itself is in progress."

Jonathan looks up sharply, and his mouth opens.

"Verily, we have already passed sentence upon Cam."

"W-what? That was you?" Can it be true? Are the Four Cyclists Of The Apocalypse, the only lesser deities commited to a programme of rigorous consumer testing, responsible for the air conditioning malfunction?

"Of course. Everything is us. We are everything."

Jonathan considers this, horrified. "And… and Tim Norris as well?"

"Yes."

"Even Stuart?"

"Yes."

"Crumbs. But…" Rain streams down the former AP ruler's face.

"Also, we trust you recall the fate of Tim Tucker."

Jonathan is aghast. ➤

> **"The wind increases to a deafening roar"**

"Tim too? But that was an accident. The driver didn't see him."

"An accident?" There is the sound of icebergs crumbling into the sea ten thousand miles away. The Second Cyclist is laughing.

Overhead, the clouds are growing darker, and becoming tinged with crimson. They seem to swirl into strange shapes – the faces of angels and demons and dragons, the screaming mouths of tortured souls – and then are merely clouds again.

"But… So why have you brought me here?" Jonathan asks, struggling to be heard over the howling wind which grows ever stronger. "Why are you telling me all this? Why have I so far been spared?"

* * *

A window finally gives in to the storm, showering glass into the room. As pages of wisdom are caught up and blown about, and water is sprayed over powerful Amiga technology, Martin and Rich move to the filing cabinet and heave it across the floor to cover the space where the window once was. It shudders into place with a slight whimper.

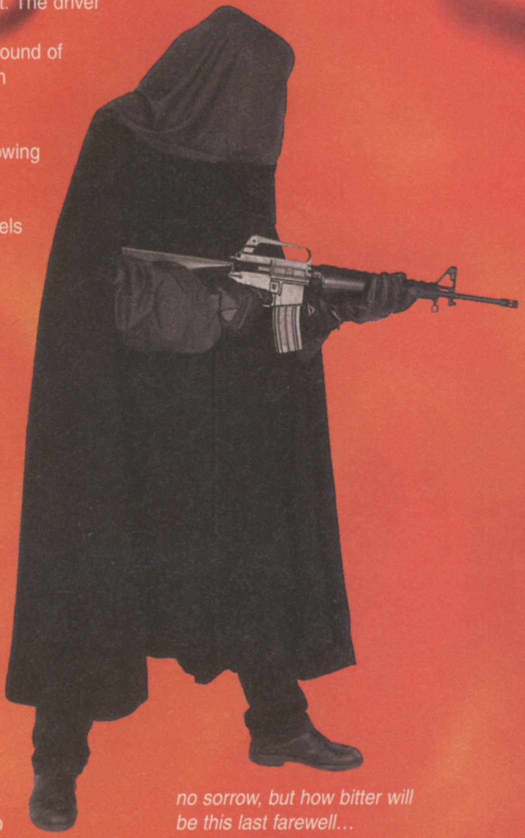
…even now I see the foreign flag a-raisin', their guns on fire as we sail into hell…

Steve removes his glasses and rubs his bloodshot eyes. "Rich," he says, "while you're on your feet – and I hope this doesn't sound silly – would you mind pushing the guest chair over to the door and elevating it until it prevents the handle from being depressed?"

"Yes. I was, er, just about to, actually."

Sue looks up from her toils. "Has anyone seen my dog?"

…I have no fear of death it means no sorrow, but how bitter will be this last farewell…



* * *

Fire flickers in the eyes of the First Cyclist. "It is not for you to question our actions."

"I know, but…"

"It is sufficient to know that we are right."

"Yes, but…"

"We are right."

Jonathan's pyjamas are by now soaked with rain. He shivers slightly, and draws his arms around himself.

The Fourth Cyclist speaks. "Look, er…"

"Er what?" the First replies.

"I just… well…"

"Well?"

"Look, don't you think we ought to just tell him?"

There is an awkward pause.

"Tell me what?"

Another pause, longer this time, and then the First Cyclist replies to the Fourth, his words grinding together like the very plates of the Earth's crust. "Fellow Upholder Of Certainty, Master Of The All-Consuming Fires Of Perdition, you are correct." He turns to Jonathan. "It is time for you to know everything. At least –" his voice drops slightly "– everything that we know."

Jonathan looks quizzical. "I'm not sure I understand."

"You see…" The First Cyclist hesitates. He turns to the Second. "Go on, you tell him."

"Me?"

"I did the first bit."

"Oh, but…"

"Go on."

"Er… okay." The Second Cyclist clears his throat, and when he speaks to Jonathan it is with the voice of a tomb being opened. "There is another."

"Another?"

"Another who is more powerful than us."

"*More* powerful than *you?*"

"Do not be surprised. While we are more mighty than even you can comprehend, we are merely servants of the Truth." These words do not seem to come easily to the mighty arbitrator.

"Er, right. And this… 'other'?"

"The Truth must be defined. It is He who defines it."

"I see, I think," Jonathan says, and then continues: "So this, er, chap, then. Why's he trying to kill AMIGA POWER?"

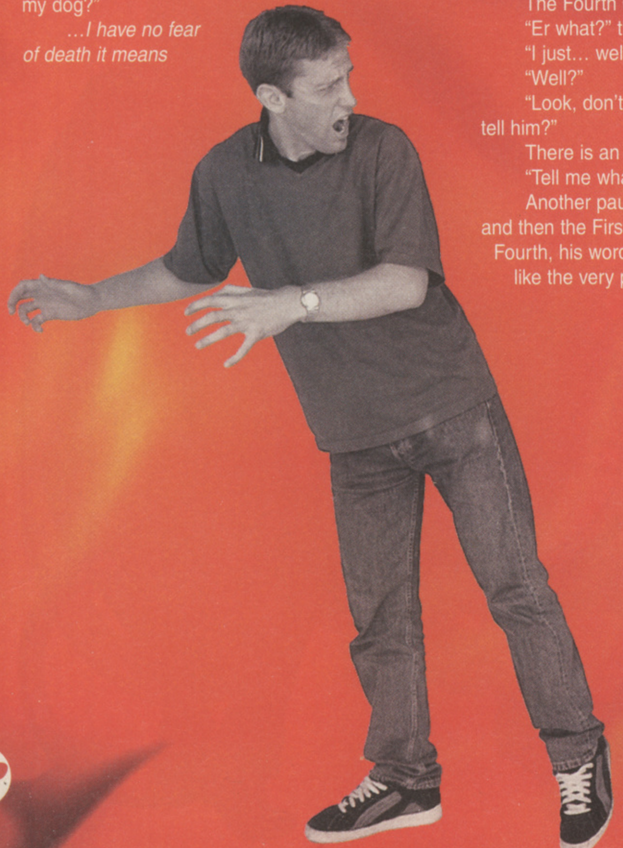
Rain swirls around the Cyclists, hissing where it touches their cloaks. The purveyors of propriety look at one another, and then at their feet.

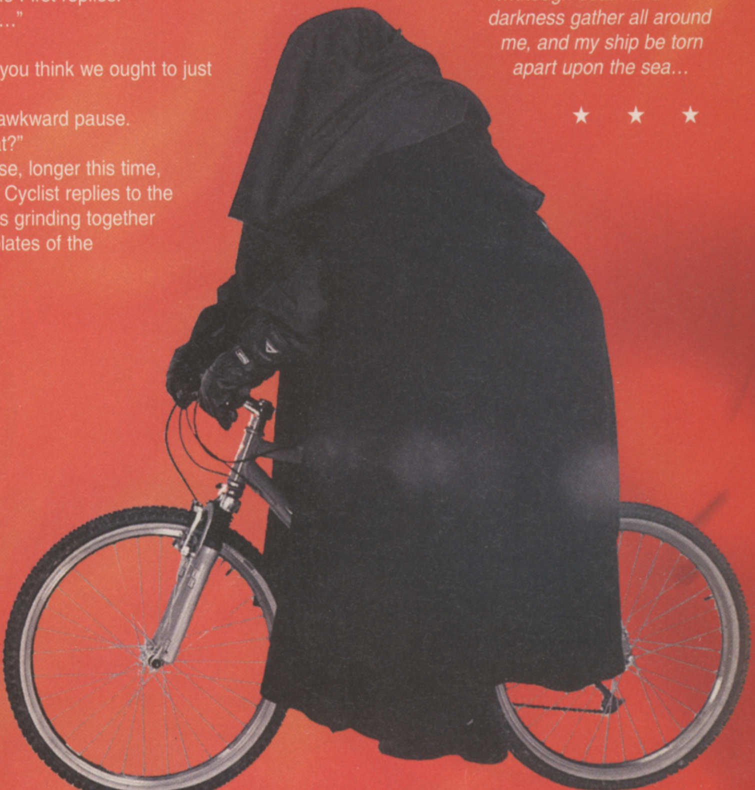
* * *

The lights flicker, and an Amiga power supply blows its fuse expensively. It is quickly swapped for another, and the adjudgement of games continues without respite.

…though death and darkness gather all around me, and my ship be torn apart upon the sea…

* * *





The Fourth Cyclist clears his throat. "To be honest, we were hoping you might know."

Jonathan looks blank.

The First Cyclist attempts to explain: "You see, normally it's obvious why we smite things, sending them to be consumed by the eternal flames."

"You know the sort of thing," adds the Second. "If a game's got one of those menu screens where you click on the roller blind to save your game, then we strike it down." His sickle moves downwards in an arc. "It's obvious."

The Third goes on: "But this time, well, we're not sure. 'Their work is done,' is all he'd say. 'They too must now be judged.' "

" 'They too'," echoes the Fourth Cyclist. "What's that supposed to mean?" He shrugs, and begins to spin one of his Azonic SPDs with his toe.

"Its face is similarly hidden among the folds"

The First ignores him and continues: "So we were wondering if –"

But his words are cut off by a searing light from above. The clouds part, and there is a mighty thunderclap.

And there is a sixth figure on the roof.

It is slighter than the Cyclists, and cloaked in white, but its face is similarly hidden amongst the folds of a hood.

All four Cyclists dismount, drop their instruments of justice and bow deeply. Then they speak as one, their voices joining as a mountain being rent asunder: "Master."

The white-clad figure raises its hands, and the Cyclists regain their bicycles. Then it gestures towards the waterlogged ex-editor and speaks.

"Cyclists of the Apocalypse, why have you disturbed this being?"

While the Cyclists speak with infinite loudness, this figure in white has by comparison a softer voice, somehow familiar, and certainly pleasant. Though gentle, it is, paradoxically, easily audible above the storm.

The First Cyclist speaks for them all. "I... er, that's to say, well we, er..."

But the white figure continues: "I understand that you have doubts. For there is no harder task than the dispensation of absolute justice, the upholding of the one Truth." While it continues to rain, the wind appears to have abated slightly. "But the mission with which you are now charged must be completed. You must not abandon the service of righteousness."

Lightning flashes, and in that instant Jonathan catches a glimpse of his face. "It's... But it can't be... How...?"

The figure continues: "My friends, I must leave you now. All will become apparent. Until then, I ask that you do my bidding."

The Four Cyclists reply as one: "Master, we will."

As the Cyclists lift their front wheels in salute, a column of light reaches down from the heavens to the white-robed figure. It glows brightly and disappears, and He with it.

"Phew," says the First Cyclist, and turns to Jonathan. "Look, um, there was another reason we brought you here."

"Another reason?" Jonathan is baffled.

"Yes. It's, er... The thing is..."

The Cyclists fall silent. The Fourth turns away, and sniffs slightly. Jonathan looks blank, and then slowly his eyes fill with horror.

"Nooooooooo...!"

The First Cyclist has shoved him in the back. His slippered feet scrabble for grip as he slides down the roof, trips over the Third Cyclist's conveniently outstretched hammer and tumbles over the edge.

★ ★ ★

In the street far below, a crowd has gathered.

They look up, but do not see the four cowled figures sitting astride their bicycles on the roof.

They look back down at the lifeless tangle of shattered limbs and soggy pyjamas, but do not see the faint outline of a pair of scales on its forehead.

...for you are beautiful, and I
have loved you dearly, more
dearly than the spoken word
can tell...

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"Hello. It's Steve here. I know that normally we don't speak directly to you on these pages, but the situation is desperate. Something or someone seems to be trying to eradicate all trace of AMIGA POWER. We need your help to stop them. Just buy some of our back issues from us and we'll know that somewhere, somehow a little portion of the truth is being preserved. Please help us."

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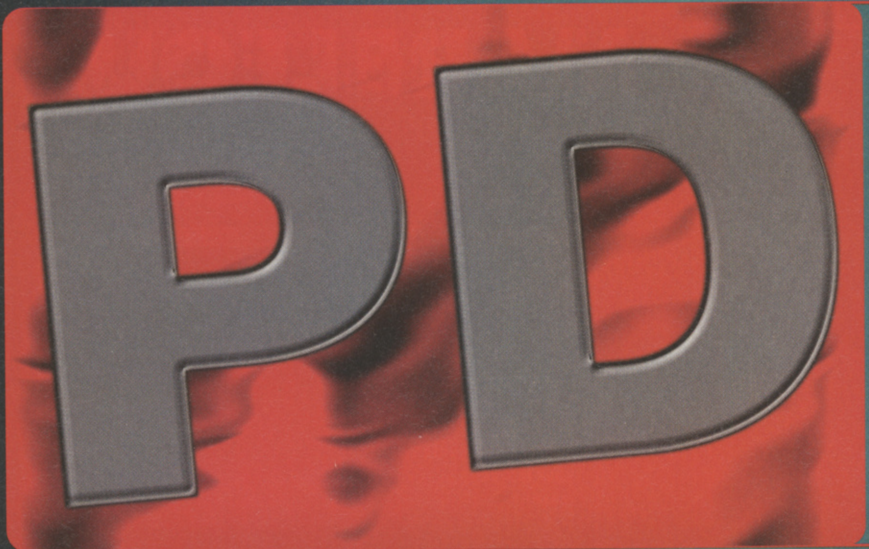


While we shall mourn the loss of these PD pages forever, Martin Axford will miss the freelance money they provided. It's a cruel world, eh readers? And one that seems to be getting crueller with each passing minute.

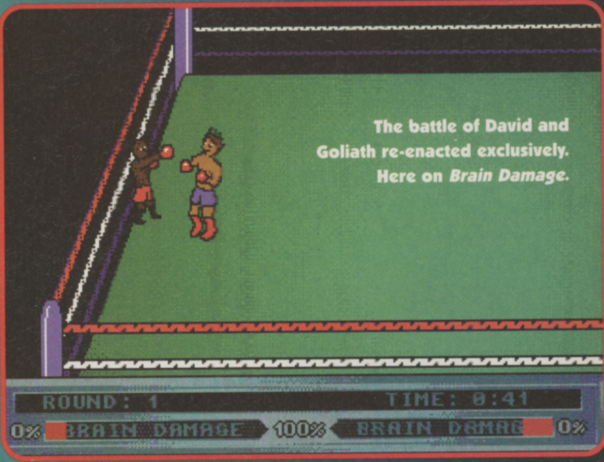
BRAIN DAMAGE AND TERTIS

OnLine PD

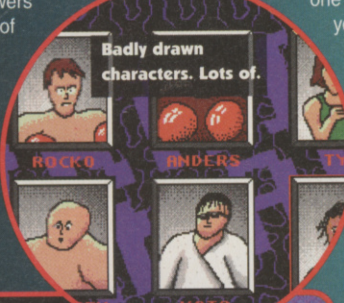
There are some games which should never see the light of day, let alone find their way into the clammy hands of an AMIGA POWER games reviewer. But *Brain Damage* has managed to succeed on both counts for which you have to admire its nerve. Because it's less successful on all other fronts.

Written by a 15-year-old, who states that he hopes there'll be more from him (thankfully after AP has died), the object of *Brain Damage* is "to totally smash your opponent's head in, leaving them with 100 per cent brain damage." What a lovely lad.

He adds: "Oh, and if you think this game is based on boxing, you're wrong. It's a psychopathic underground freefight tournament where you must prove your fighting powers through the mutilation of seven opponents." So, just remember, when you play your first game of *Brain Damage* and find yourself guiding a little boxer around a boxing ring, wearing boxing gloves, boxing his opponent into submission and breaking off every now and then at the end of each round (like they do in boxing), it isn't boxing after all. Hell, no.



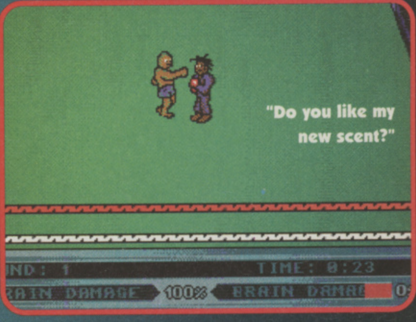
The battle of David and Goliath re-enacted exclusively. Here on *Brain Damage*.



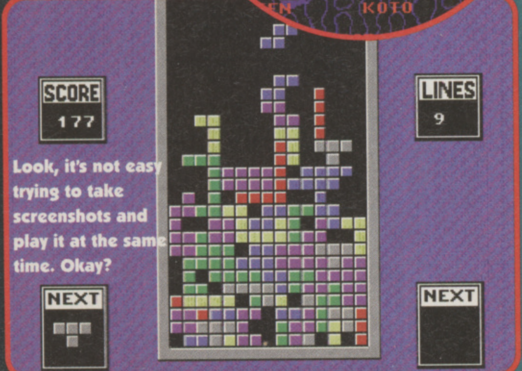
Badly drawn characters. Lots of.

There are six really badly drawn fighters to choose from: Rocko, Anders, Tya, Phoenix, Basheen and Koto. After choosing one of them, you are then required to enter the ring to fight your opponent by throwing the one solitary punch you are afforded with the fire button. At the end of each round, a breakdown of the scores of each player is revealed. If a player's brain damage is, say, 50 per cent, he may undergo brain surgery and start the next round with only 34 per cent damage. Hmm, it didn't make much sense to me either.

With each fight you win, your reward is to fight another opponent, though more skilful than your last. It's all rather tedious, but quite fun nevertheless.



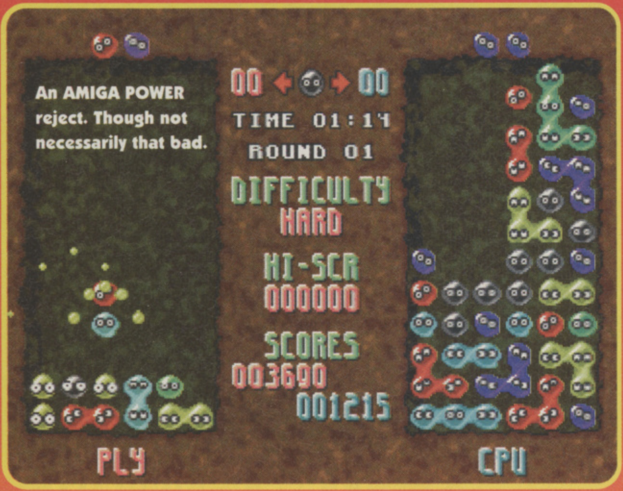
"Do you like my new scent?"



Look, it's not easy trying to take screenshots and play it at the same time. Okay?

There is a second game on the disk, but by the same author. It's called *Tertis* and there are no prizes for guessing what sort of game it is. At least, you can't have any prizes because there will be no one here to receive your postcards claiming a grey AP sweatshirt or copies of *Zool 2* after you've correctly guessed '*Tetris*'. It's possible to play with either one or two players, alter the width of the bay into which the blocks drop and increase the speed with which they drop.

Should you even be considering going to the trouble of purchasing these two games, *Brain Damage* really isn't worth bothering about and as for a *Tetris* clone you need only turn over the page for AMIGA POWER's definitive PD game buying guide to discover where you can get hold of *Tetris Pro*. ★★



An AMIGA POWER reject. Though not necessarily that bad.

OUTFALL

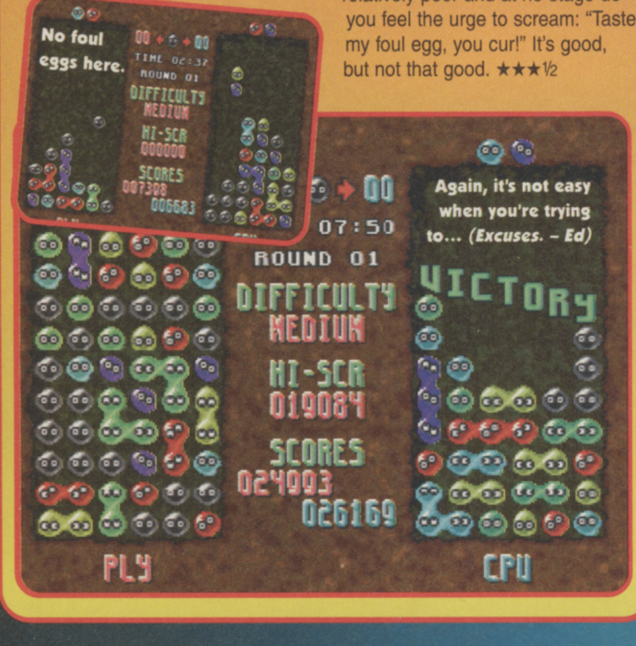
F1 Licenceware

You have to feel for David Papworth. After providing AMIGA POWER with such great games as *Super Obliteration,* he answered our call for a *Doctor Robotnik's Mean Bean Machine* clone. Only that was a month after we'd already snapped up the mighty *Super Foul Egg* for our coverdisk. And a month before Amiga Format STOLE it for theirs. Tsk.

Having initially been sent an unplayable demo of the game, I was keen to get the opportunity to play *Outfall* and this month's PD provided me with just that. And while little has ignited this 22-year-old imagination of mine recently (but that's the effect PCs have, I guess), when I sat down to play *Outfall* for note-taking I soon found myself engrossed. Which is always a good sign.

If you've played *Doctor Robotnik* or *Super Foul Egg,* you'll already know that the aim of the game is to build a series of coloured balls (in a similar way to *Tetris*) together, with the fourth adjoining ball of the same colour causing all four to burst and other surrounding balls of the same colour to drop and merge. For each series of balls which burst, a boulder appears in your opponent's column which can cause obvious problems.

Because it's only natural to draw a comparison with *Super Foul Egg,* I shall. *Outfall* is not nearly as good as its predecessor for a numbers of reasons: the controls are 'sticky', the speed with which the balls drop rarely increases sufficiently to match the infectious trickery of *Super Foul Egg* (regardless of the difficulty setting), the sound is relatively poor and at no stage do you feel the urge to scream: "Taste my foul egg, you cur!" It's good, but not that good. ★★★½

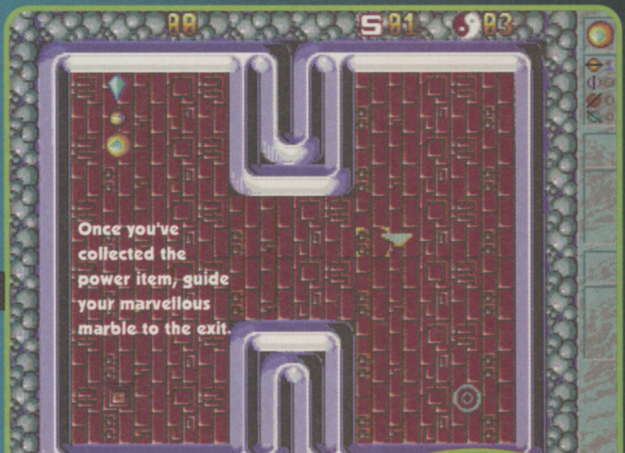


No foul eggs here.

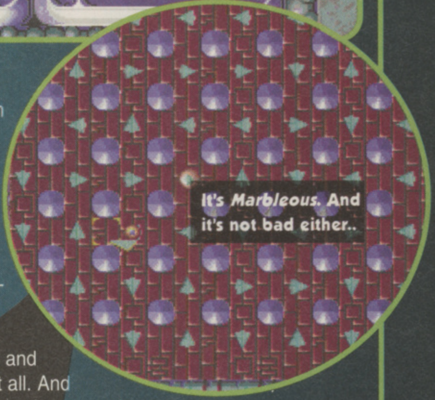
Again, it's not easy when you're trying to... *(Excuses. – Ed)*

MARBLEOUS

OnLine PD



Once you've collected the power item, guide your marvellous marble to the exit.



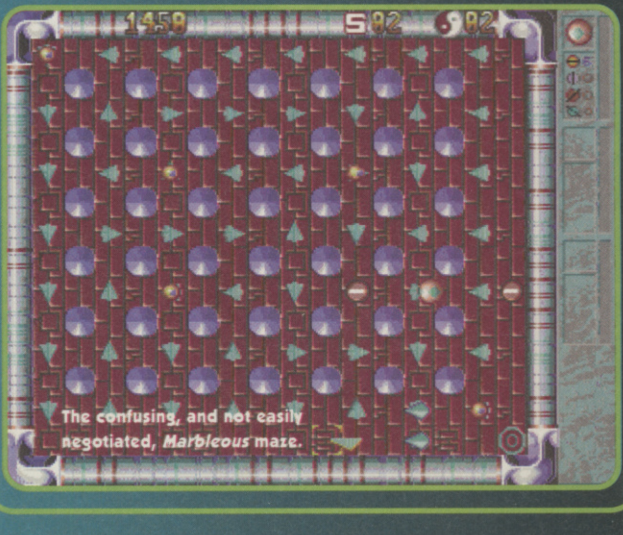
It's *Marbleous.* And it's not bad either..

You've seen PD games opening with the slinky graphics which flatter to deceive once you've passed the options screen and are faced with a game resembling something which probably brought about the ZX-81's demise.

Then there are those PD games with the slinky graphics and the silly name but aren't bad at all. And this is one such game. *Marbleous* (a clever play on the word 'marvellous' ho-ho) involves using a mouse to guide a ball around various mazes and suchlike, with the aim to collect power objects before retiring to the exit. As in *Ballunacy,* the only method of directing the ball is by placing a series of signs for it to follow. Failure to carefully negotiate a clear pathway for the ball to follow will result in the ball careering into the side of the maze and blowing up.

This demo version of the game leapt from a very easy first level, devoid of any obstacles and an obvious appetiser, to an abomination for the second which required not only placing directions for the ball to follow but had the added difficulty of not being able to change any of the existing directions. At least, not being able to change them indefinitely – they soon change back to their original positioning. An element of skill involved, then.

Still, despite its daft name and the pretty opening graphics which usually denote a real stinker, *Marbleous* is actually very good and comes highly recommended. By me. ★★★★



The confusing, and not easily negotiated, *Marbleous* maze.

EXPERIMENT

F1 Licenceware

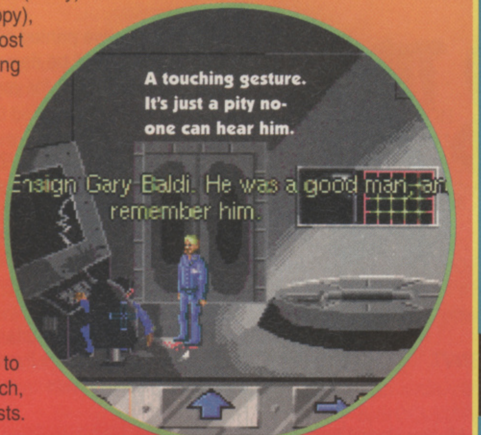
You may remember *Lethal Formula* which was featured on an AP coverdisk a few months ago, and if you do, and you liked that, you'll like this too.

Experiment is another click-and-point adventure written in GRAC from the F1 Licenceware stable. The plot is one of those stereotypically unimaginative storylines involving a hero who has to save something or someone from an evil force. In this case the hero is Bud Lightning. It is his job to save a primitive tribe from extinction having had his base destroyed by the Stingons. The Stingons being the evil race.

You are required to help Bud save the primitive tribe by capturing small furry animals (bless) as he goes on his travels, kill aliens (boo), negotiate dark forests (scary) and mountain sides (slippy), before discovering lost alien cities and saving the universe from destruction (hurrah!).

However, if you're generally a bit crap at these sort of things, don't go anywhere near it. *Experiment* is tricky enough for many of you to turn to the Last Resort which, sadly, no longer exists.

★★★


A touching gesture. It's just a pity no-one can hear him.

SILLY STORIES

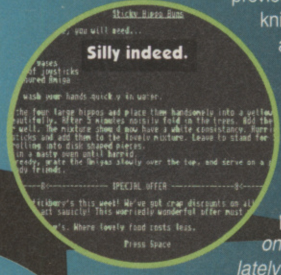
Silly Stories

OnLine PD

Silly Stories involves entering nouns, adverbs and adjectives, along with a series of 'special words' into the program. These are then included in a variety of formats including recipes, fairy tales, a history lesson or a newspaper article. For example, this was one such story to appear as a newspaper article in the Bath Evening News: "The village of Footballsville was left in shock this morning after the disappearance of a bloody, nasty Martin Axford from the village hall. 'I can't believe anyone would want to steal the Martin Axford from the village hall,' said a weird villager. 'I hope we get it back quickly.'

The Martin Axford was last seen at around 10pm the previous night by a horrid man as he took his knife for a walk. The Police have been notified and are appealing for large witnesses to come forward slowly. They want to interview a splendid man with a shiny beard and rough hair seen loitering hastily in the area, carrying a rope.

If you have any information please call Heapsville 56589. A reward of four prime whiskey bottles is offered." *(Hang on a minute, has anyone seen Martin lately? – Ed)* ½


Silly indeed.

Sticky Hippo Buns

you will need...

wash your hands quickly in water.

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Press Space

TOP FIVE PD GAMES OF ALL-TIME

Last month's All-time Top 100 Amiga games featured numerous PD games of sheer, unadulterated quality. However, only five of them could make it into this month's Top 5 PD games of all time and these are they:

1. *Gravity Power*
2. *Super Foul Egg*
3. *Tetris Pro*
4. *Asteroids* (Kris Schulte)
5. *Defender* (Acid)

Because everyone should have each of these fine games in their collection, here is the definitive buyer's guide to where you can purchase them from. Some libraries may be able to get hold of the games you want but that they don't usually stock so call for details (cfd).

WHERE? HOW MUCH?

Don't be afraid to shop around for the best deal on the games featured here. Prices do vary and it's also a good opportunity to discover what new releases each stockist carries.

Arrow PD (01304) 832344, Agima PD (01733) 326455, Amigaholics, 236 Chester Road North, Kidderminster, Worcs DY10 1TE, Insanity PD (0378) 054637, No Mercy PD (01845) 526412, Classic PD (0161) 7231638, OnLine PD (01704) 834335, 5th Dimension (01709) 888127, F1 Licenceware (01392) 493580.

GAMES	GRAVITY POWER	SUPER FOUL EGG	TETRIS PRO	ASTEROIDS	DEFENDER
PD LIBRARIES					
Arrow PD	no	yes	yes	no	no
Agima PD	yes	no	yes	no	yes
Amigaholics	yes	yes	yes	cfd	yes
Insanity PD	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes
No Mercy PD	yes	yes	yes	cfd	cfd
Classic PD	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes
OnLine PD	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes
5th Dimension	no	yes	yes	no	no

COMPLETE CONTROL

FOR [SNIFF] THE LAST AMIGA POWER EVER

THE ALL-TIME TOP 100 TIPS FOR THE ALL-TIME TOP 100 AMIGA GAMES OF ALL TIME

Not since the unmistakable silhouette of Moses was spotted meandering down the Mountain of Aaron with what the huddled masses knew to be the Word of God etched into ten mighty stone tablets has there been such an air of anticipation as that which surrounded Steve last Friday. The brief had been mercilessly simple: compile tips for every game in the top 100 games of all time. By Friday. A task so biblical in its proportions that it would take not one, but two long-haired student-layabout tip-maestros to fulfil. By Friday, it was Friday. The tips still weren't here. Time for Plan B: send the AP Heavy Boyz around to Pelley and Monster's respective student hovels, kidnap them and lock them in a dimly illuminated room with no external stimulation until they'd finished. It worked, thank God.

HELLO. RICH HERE. I'M DOING THE FIRST FIFTY AND THEN HANDING OVER TO C-MONSTER WHO'S JUST ON HIS WAY. I HEARD THE DOOR CLOSE A SECOND AGO. ANYWAY, HERE GOES…

100 BASE JUMPERS (Rasputin)

Spell words with the letter bonuses, such as 'Hat', 'Jam' and 'Ugh'. Also, type 'WIBBLE' on the options screen for infinite lives.

99 TANKKK (PD)

Oooh. Now you're asking.

98 KILL THE PRES (Anco)

Typing CUBA at the title page will give you an extra life.

97 BOB'S BAD DAY (The Dome/Psygnosis)

Some level codes:
Level ten – XCKCDXPE
Level twenty – VDPEFWNG
Level thirty – SEAGGVPH
Level forty – QEAIIVNJ
Level fifty – NDPKKWPL
Level sixty – LFFMLUNM
Level seventy – IDPONWPO
Level eighty – GFFQPUNQ
Level ninety – DEASQVPR
Level one hundred – BEAUSNVT

96 NEW ZEALAND STORY (Ocean)

Press DELETE then M. You should hear a laser sound. Now type (bit rude, this, so we'll print it backwards) 'RATSABIWIKNEKCUFREHTOM' (sorry, mums) for infinite lives and level skip with the HELP key.

95 SECOND SAMURAI (Psygnosis)

Level Codes:
Level two – RFBW1CA1
Level three – UH2RWEYM
Level four – B4XUDVVY
Level five – ZHT14OT1
Level six – 5ALIC1JF

94 F-29 RETALIATOR (Ocean)

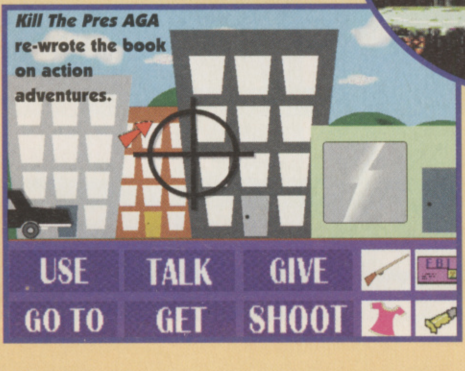
On the enrolment screen type 'CIARAN' and load up the pilot's log. The name should now read 'OCEAN OK' and you'll have infinite shells and shields.

93 PROJECTILE (Electronic Arts)

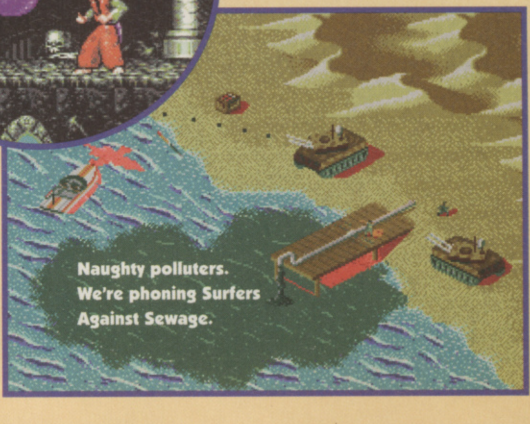
Use the scanner to pick off-screen freeze capsules. In your own zone, hang around the goalmouth until someone takes a shot to get the ball into the tunnel in the shortest possible time.

Blue thing is sooo stupid.

But where's the first one gone?



Kill The Pres AGA re-wrote the book on action adventures.



Naughty polluters. We're phoning Surfers Against Sewage.

92 BUBBLE AND SQUEAK A500 (Audiogenic)

Y'know. I'm sure we printed some level codes for this sometime, but I'll be darned if I can find them now. You'll have to look for yourselves.

91 ELITE (Rainbird)

Enter 'SARA' (or 'SUZANNE' on the budget version) as a password followed by a correct one. Press * and you will be asked for two values. Try 18 FF for lots of dosh, or 69 01 for firearms, or 97 00-08 for your ranking, pressing ESCAPE to finish.

90 R-TYPE 2 (Activision)

Type 'SUMITA.' (note the full stop) on the high score table for more lives than if 101 Dalmations were all cats.

89 PREMIER MANAGER 3 (Gremlin)

Cheat phone numbers:
400040 – fitness and morale
3433343 – £300,000

88 APIDYA (Team 17)

Type any of the following on the title screen:
Level 2 – MISSHONEYBEE
Level 3 – DUPUTYOFLOVE
Level 4 – HASTALVISTA
Level 5 – SNEAKPREVIEW
End Sequence – SHOWCREDITS

Also, hold down HELP and DELETE to slow down the game.

87 VIRUS (Firebird)

Hold down ENTER and pause the game. Keeping ENTER held down, unpause. Now press C to toggle FX on and off, L to add a missile, F to refuel, D to toggle the demo and N to toggle the cheat.

86 DESERT STRIKE (Electronic Arts)

Level two – BQOQAEB

Level three – KLJTLTOE
Level four – WEIVVJT
End sequence – ONKKQKF
Lives and ammo – BQQQAEZ

85 SWITCHBLADE 2 (Gremlin)
On the title screen, type 'LEVEL' followed by a number between one and six. Try typing 'CHROME' on the title screen for a sub game too.

84 BENEATH A STEEL SKY (Virgin)
Give Burke the glass.

83 LLAMATRON (Jeff Minter)
For comfort whilst playing, sit on a pillow or large cushion.

82 WORLD CLASS RUGBY (Domark)
Pass.

81 ARCADE POOL (Team 17)
On the speed round, pot all the balls except one, save the game, start a new one with only one ball and you'll be able to record a time of 0 mins 00 secs. Celebrate by going down the pub and drinking 18 pints of *("Tizer" – Ed)* (or, if you're underage, getting an adult to drink 18 pints of *("Tizer" – Ed)* for you) and playing some real pool.

80 SOCCER KID (Core)
Beat Scab by waiting for him to fly up and run to the left of the screen, then when he comes down, stay in the middle. When he appears to the left, jump over his head and stay in the middle, and you ought to be able to nail him.

79 SWIV (Sales Curve)
Type, with the game paused and CAPS LOCK on, 'NCC-1701'. Also, after defeating a goose-necked helicopter, shoot one of the tokens it leaves behind 32 times for it to turn into a Super Star giving you six-way fire. Yowser.

78 KLAX (Domark)
Hold down SHIFT, SPACE and 1-4 for infinite credits and the chance to warp to level 100. Press SPACE and CTRL and 4 during play to warp to the final level.

77 LASER SQUAD (Buzz)
Boot up a game, select 'THE ASSASSINS' and a two player game, arm everybody with grenades and no armour. Place both players' men around the house in a line, drop the grenades without priming them, set the first one off and peg it out. BOOM.

76 PACMANIA (Grandslam)
Eat the dots, and run away from the ghosts. In 3D.

75 LAMB AM CHAL (Titus)
[Cough.]

74 BOSTON BOMB CLUB (Silmarils)
Hey! What's that over there?

73 HUNTER (Activision)
The ambulance is at (X163, Y80); the old man at (X181, Y197); the nuclear device at (X28, Y227); the security pass at (X224, Y153), the green monk at (X85, Y174) and the general at (X135, Y239).

72 HARLEQUIN (Gremlin)
Go to the gift box near the big tunnel at the bottom of the level and collect the space hopper; get to the beginning of the jigsaw level (past the kite), hop onto the ledge you couldn't normally reach and jump off.

71 THEME PARK (Bullfrog/Electronic Arts)
To get the biggest, fastest, longest, highest and bestest rollercoaster without having to pay for it, place your coaster doorway where you want it, build the smallest loop you can around it, open it up and close it immediately, remove the loop and build away.

70 BLOODNET (GameTek)
Shoot the incubator to kill Van Helsing.

69 TOTAL FOOTBALL (Domark)
For a cert win every game, score more goals than your opposition.

68 FLY HARDER (AMIGA VERSION) (Krisalis)
Level codes:
Level two – PHOTON
Level three – METAGRAV
Level four – BLACKHOLE
Level five – SUPERNOVA
Level six – TRANSMITTER
Level seven – QUANT
Level eight – NEOGEOPOWER
For the CD32 version (UP to thrust. I ask you), just enter the first three letters.

67 LOTUS 1 (Gremlin)
Select a two-player game, calling player one 'IN A BIG COUNTRY' and player two 'FIELDS OF FIRE'. You'll always qualify. Also, try using 'MONSTER' and 'SEVENTEEN' instead for a hidden sub-game.

66 F1 (Domark)
Vrooom.

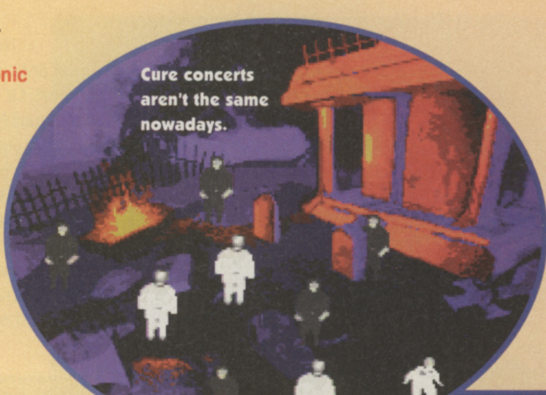
65 IK+ (System 3)
Type four letter words whilst playing, including FISH, BIRD, WORM, EDHK, TOTO and all the swear words.

64 RAILROAD TYCOON (Microprose)
Enter the screen accessed by F1 and press $ to gain $500 000.

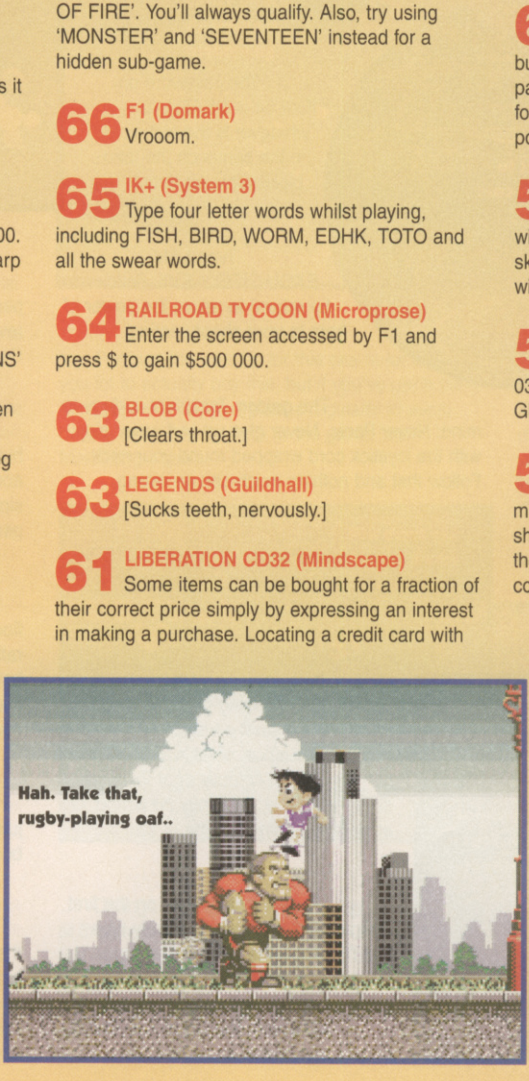
63 BLOB (Core)
[Clears throat.]

63 LEGENDS (Guildhall)
[Sucks teeth, nervously.]

61 LIBERATION CD32 (Mindscape)
Some items can be bought for a fraction of their correct price simply by expressing an interest in making a purchase. Locating a credit card with less money on it than the value of the selected item and handing over the card. The first time the transaction will be denied, but offer it again and it will be accepted, a few credits will be deducted and the card and item handed back.


Cure concerts aren't the same nowadays.

WAR IN THE GULF
$2360K
09:26:50
War, it's never been so much fun. Except in *Cannon Fodder* natch.


Hah. Take that, rugby-playing oaf..

60 SUPER OBLITERATOR (Dave Papworth)
Pause the game with the left mouse button, and press UP ten times, your vanilla-hued pal will ping, and you will be able to press DOWN for slow mode, right for invincibility, and left for powerups.

59 KID GLOVES (Millennium)
Pause the game, type 'RHIANNON'. F9 will now give immunity, F6 warps to the shop, F7 skips levels, and F8 makes you rich beyond your wildest dreams.

58 MERCENARY (Novagen)
Check out 03-15 for the Interstellar craft; 03-00 for the Mechanoid craft; and 09-05 for the GBV craft.

57 WAR IN THE GULF
Don't bother trying to escort the convoy on mission two of Bubiyan Island or you'll end up shooting it yourself. Instead, form a static barrier to the east of the minefield – this way anything that comes into view will be a legitimate target.

56 CARRIER COMMAND (Ocean)
Pause, type 'THE BEST IS YET TO COME' and press + on the keypad. All craft will now be invincible. This doesn't extend to your Dad's Cortina, though, and he'll hit the roof if you crash it.

55 E-MOTION (US GOLD)
Type 'MOONLIT' on the title screen, followed by RETURN. Now F1 and F3 skip forward and back a level, and F2 and F4 ten.

54 LEMMINGS (DMA/Psygnosis)
Wicked level fourteen? The code is KIQWMHGKEL.

53 FLASHBACK (US Gold)
BURN, EGGS, GURT, CHIP, TREE ➤

and BOLD. They're passwords, they are.

52 K240 (Gremlin)

Use 1300 credits to buy the deep bore blueprints.

51 THE BLUES BROTHERS (Titus)

Type 'HOULQ' followed by a number between one and six and a tap on the SPACE bar on the character selection screen.

50 YO! JOE!

When you have completed the bonus shoot-'em-up stage, keep pressing FIRE, and you will be given 25 lives.

AND THAT'S IT FOR ME. NOW OVER TO C-MAAAAAAAAAARRRRRGGGGH!

Hello? HELLO? I'm sure Rich said to meet him here. Wow, what's that nasty burning smell? And what's that enormous black mark on the floor? Wow, spoooooky. I'm getting outta here just as soon as I give you the last 50 tips. Ever.

49 WALKER

As soon as you reach level two type EAT LEAD MUDDY FUNSTER (Including spaces) before you move to activate a cheat.

48 SUPER HANG ON

Enter 750J (or possibly 75OJ) on the highscore table, then hold down CTRL, LEFT, ALT, T and Z on the title screen until a cheat screen materialises.

47 DEFENDER

Beauty cannot be tarnished by cheats of any sort. Lose yourself in the flux of genius and save your smart bombs for the large groups of crystals which appear at the start of the level.

46 GEM X

Skip to level S by using the level code ZAWAS.

Steve'll never get to wear a sheepskin coat again. Sob.

45 SUPER LEAGUE MANAGER

During the season before moving to a new club, put your favourite players up for sale. Hopefully your new club's current manager will phone up and make an offer for them, so allowing you to carry them into the new chapter of your career.

44 ROADKILL CD32

Try pausing and keeping your finger on fire for a surprise. Level four code is PQPOPPMCRJ.

"Go for the jackpot. Go for the Super Jackpot."

43 ASTEROIDS

Never panic and thrust too hard, and only use hyperspace as a last resort. Or try hunting (See AP 13) for implausibly high scores.

42 SABRE TEAM A1200

On the blueprint screen imagine your soldiers are divided into four sections, one being top and four being bottom. Now click 3412 then 2413. Let the computer take it's turn, then infinite action shall be yours. Scum.

Gunship 2000. As impressive as ever.

41 GUNSHIP 2000

Set flight to easy, Landing to no crashes, Avoidance to off, Wind to realistic, visibility to realistic with CM and enemy quality to crack. Now zap everything as quickly as possible to gain the Congressional medal of honour.

40 D/GENERATION

The password on floor 84 is DEATH, or whatever is the last word in the sentence the mad bloke rants on about.

39 BANSHEE

Type I AM EXQUISITELY EVIL (followed by return) to return the power of hate to your shooty-action.

38 TETRIS PRO

The golden *Tetris* hint springs to mind: Never Panic, Never give up and never play with the joystick cord wrapped round your neck. Follow that and nothing much can go wrong.

37 NO SECOND PRIZE

Merely type UNDERNEONLONELINESS to magically disappear all your opposition, in a Welsh-band influenced slice of tippery.

36 EMPIRE SOCCER

If you enter a penalty shoot-out then as the opposing player is stepping up to take his shot press C, F2 then Fire to make a magical white wall appear and ruin his effort. *(Actually I got this from a dubious source, so it may be wrong, or even for a different game. – CM)*

35 CARV-UP

To gain infinite lives on the first Amiga game I ever had, merely type R.J.TOONE on the highscore table.

34 SUPER FOUL EGG

One from the Team 4.5 school of play, me-thinks. In the heat of a particularly vicious bout merely grasp suddenly at the neighbouring person's genitalia. This works particularly well if they're actually your opponent, and will always gain you a rather salubrious reputation.

Any bets on the eventual winner?

33 SIM CITY

Hold down shift then type FUND for an extra $10,000. However about every $100,000 a major earthquake will hit your city, making it most marvy if you do it before you start building.

Fly, Wizkid, fly.

32 HEAD OVER HEELS

To make heads climb a ladder merely perform a "curly muffin", jumping outwards, reversing your direction then moving inwards. Repeat to traverse particularly ascending sections.

31 WIZKID

Enter the shop with five stars and over a hundred quid. Buy another star to credit your account with more cash. Through repetition of this simple process you can gain a considerable personal fortune.

30 OVERKILL

On the levels with tanks trundling on the floor be sure not to stop on ground level, as the rather dodgy scrolling will allow tanks to sneak up behind you and grind you beneath the wheels of injustice. I can't believe this is higher than *Head over Heels.*

29 STUNT CAR RACER

If you get stuck at the bottom of a hole or jump, drive slowly up to the wall and accelerate with boost to minimise your damage. Or play Link-up.

28 JETSTRIKE CD32

Attempt to find the really secret things, like the one-in-a-million UFO's and the Druids. My only hint is to try flying along at maximum altitude on various levels. And to keep trying it because it works on a random occurrence, so you might do everything right and nothing'll happen. Tch.

27 F1GP

After the first lap, enter the pits and hold down P,A,L,I,R and FIRE to become immune to crashes (Presumably on high difficulty levels). Also if you're trailing in an important race merely drive into the pits on the final lap, slam on the brakes, press escape and enter accelerated time. The top of the podium should be yours.

26 SUPER STARDUST

Entering your password as ZZZZZZZZZZZZ will get you twenty lives and most of the weapons, If you really want to cheat on *Asteroids* on steroids.

25 SETTLERS

Skip to the last level with the level code PASSIVE.

24 SUPER SKIDMARKS

I'd just like to point out how cheap Amigas are second hand. By buying another one you could play constant eight-player cow-on-cow action.

23 PINBALL ILLUSIONS

No. I'm not helping you scum anymore. If you cheat to get a highscore your won't actually have a highscore, as you'll be cheating. Tautological but true, I'm afraid.

22 SUPER TENNIS CHAMPS

When your opponent is serving at your partner in a doubles game, you can enter your chums court to double the chance of a successful return.

21 DUNE 2

To shoot down Ornithoptors build turrets and slow down the speed of the game. Your cannons will always miss at the highest speed.

20 SHADOW FIGHTER

To play the macabre Pupazz type PARAPONZIPOPO on the options screen. Or if the shadow fighter is your desired avatar type MBARIVIDISOCCAFFARIMBARI in the same place.

19 MONKEY ISLAND 1+2

Press ALT and W during play to skip to the end-sequence of *Monkey Island 2* (apparently).

18 GLOOM

Learn to save gun power-ups in case you die, rather than merely snorting them all up for the short-lived mega-gun. Also try getting the Mega Mega gun, for which you need many orbs of opalescent destruction.

17 ZEEWOLF 2

Experience the horror of the final level with the code PELPAY.

16 RODLAND

Pause, press HELP five times and unpause for infinite lives and SPACE for a level warp.

15 RAINBOW ISLANDS

Collect all the gems in correct spectographical order (red to violet) to reach the secret room. Not that any of you don't already know that.

14 MICRO MACHINES

Gain empathy with your vehicular charges by buying a few of the toys and pushing them around your living room table with your noses, whilst making vrooming noises.

13 SLAM TILT

To cheat on this game is to desecrate the great God of Pinball. My only advice is to pop along to the Hobgoblin in Bath where you can tone your oh-so-flabby skills on the high-quality table they always possess.

12 ALIEN BREED 3D

Change the last eight digits in any of your level codes to IIIIIIII to tip-top up your firepower.

11 CHAOS ENGINE

Enter your save game code as all Ts, Vs, Xs or Ys to enter the shop with loads of lives and a healthy bank balance. Also play the Mercenary, as he has attractive shades.

Look out, you fool.

10 KNIGHTS OF THE SKY

Play two player link up, and don't take off for AP's legendary pseudo *Doom* experience.

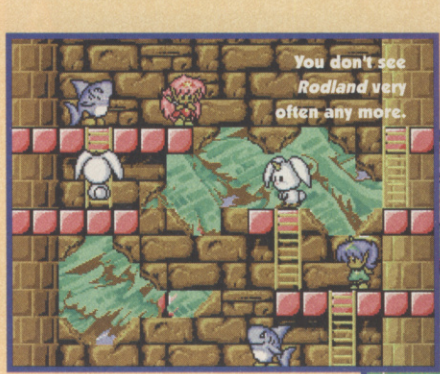
9 SPEEDBALL 2

Don't bother spending cash on your teams attributes, just save up money for the more efficient star players.

"Aaargh, we're under attack." *Guardian* is frightening.

8 EXILE

Perhaps the best tip for this one is for some of you lot to actually buy this, but if you've got it make sure you drop teleport places regularly to avoid having move too far back in the game. It's frustrating y'see.


You don't see *Rodland* very often any more.

7 SYNDICATE

Change your company name (right at the beginning, stupid) to ROB A BANK to give your company $100 billion. Or try typing it as COOPER TEAM for the ultimate in cyborg-ware. Or just load up with missile launchers and self destruct for a pyromaniac's delight.

LAPS TO COMPLETE 4
If only real life was like this.

6 CANNON FODDER

Save your game as JOOLSRIP for your troop leader to be promoted to a four star general. Cheat.

5 DYNABLASTER

Type BOMBERMAN on the title screen, then press F1 to F8 when playing the one player game to select levels.

4 COLONISATION

Geesh: Is this what AP has come to?. Name your first town as Charlotte to gain $50,000 and access to the whole map.

3 GUARDIAN

Save your smart bombs for the horrendously difficult later levels where they should be utilised for destroying the bombers as they drift down from the mothership. You just don't have time to hunt them down. Also quash the feeling that you're effectively just playing *Virus* for the untalented *(I approve. – The ghost of communism).*

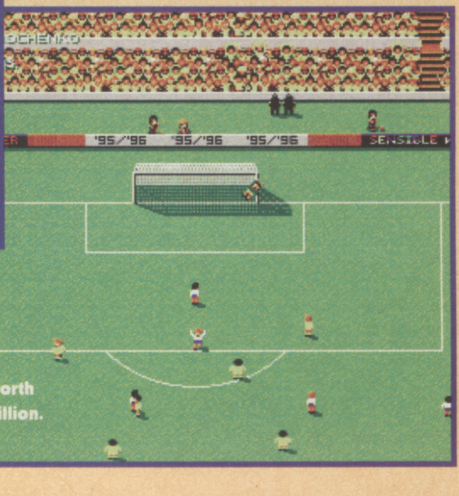
2 GRAVITY POWER

Hold down S while playing to enter a slow motion mode in what is being described as the best Amiga game ever (bar the next one).

1 SWOS 96

Hey, It's *SWOS*. We could be here all day, but just try giving free transfers (or extras in a deal for buying one of their worse players) of your best players to the team you plan to move to at the end of the season.

And that's that: About 100 tips for 100 of the finest digital fizzbombs that have ever occupied the spaceous RAM of our beige buddy (apart from *Legends of Valour* and *Advanced Lawnmower Simulator,* but that's a different story). Hey, some of them might even work. And now I'd better do my last ever Last Resort. Over the page.



Well worth £15 million.

UNEMPLOYED?

Then you need...

THE (LAST) LAST RESORT

with C-Monster

The final turn of the wheel for the finest ever tips column to nestle at the heart of a computer games magazine called AMIGA POWER. Yikes.

Nostalgia is the disease of the empty minded, the hollow comfort of those pitiful creatures who, void of vision, find a retreat into the past to be the only response to the challenges of the future. This escapist defeatism was never the point of the heroic hegemony we called AMIGA POWER. With the death of AP each one of us lucky company are charged with enough wit, wisdom and power to warp this world into whatever shape we choose. We are the fruit of a new generation, the echo of what will come to be. Feel proud, march forward with the knowledge that you can tell your children I WAS THERE. The spirit of AP will fill your Soul-hearths with light from now unto infinity.

And now some tips.

BASE JUMPERS

Q "Oh great and masterful cherryaid drink *(Pardon? – CM)*, could you tell my CD32 the code for *Base Jumpers*, please?"
Baron von Snazzyshirt, Enfield

A Well I could tell your CD32, but It'll probably be more useful if I just inform you (you can pass it on later). Actually there are a whole Spartan phalanx of codes, so I'll have to slip you a representative sample, such as typing WIBBLE on the options screen to gain infinite lives, or FLIBBLE, which initially seems to do nought, but during the game a swift depression of HELP, followed by typing WIN will allow you to bounce levels. I'm sure your obsolete gaming console will be very glad.

MORTAL KOMBAT 2

Q "Please, Please, PLEASE could you help me? I'm stuck on *Mortal Kombat 2*, and the problem is that I just can't pull off any of the fatalities, or any decent moves. Even my Dad can beat me *(You can report him for that, y'know. – Ed)*." **Adam Owers, Luton**

A Last month and I'm feeling generous, so I'll entertain your request after taking a few brief seconds to point out that THE ENTIRE POINT OF BEAT-'EM-UPS IS TO WORK OUT THE MOVES. Anyway, most of them are in issue 47, but try these to add a few new certificates to your PG film action. LIU KANG: Down, Towards, Away, Away, Fire (Close) RAYDEN: Block, Fire (Hold for four seconds) JOHNNY CAGE: Towards, Towards, Down, Up, Down, Up, Down, Fire (Close) SUB ZERO: Towards, Down, Towards, Towards, Fire (Close) SCORPION: Block, Away, Away, Up, Up, Release Fire BARAKA: Away, Towards, Down, Towards, Fire (while up close) KITANA: Towards, Towards, Down, Towards, Fire (up close) MILEENA: Away, Fire (hold for three seconds) JAX: Block, Fire, Fire, Fire, Fire (Keep distance) KUNG LAO: Towards, Towards, Towards, Away, Fire (Keep Distance) REPTILE: Towards, Towards, Towards, Fire (Up Close) SHANG SUNG: Fire, Up, Down, Up, Fire.

Is it just me, or is Shang Sung an incredibly silly name? Geesh.

MONKEY ISLAND

Q "I need help with *Monkey Island*. I have given the banana picker to Herman and got the giant monkey, but I can't find my way around the underground tunnels." **Brian Blair. Ayrshire**

A You should have the head of the necklace and the navigator, which you gained from the cannibals when you swapped them for the leaflet. Now return to the monkey head, and enter the head, which you opened with the key. To guide your way inside this twisting maze merely use the head, and note which way it faces when it stops spinning. Head off in this direction, and repeat this process until you reach the ledge above the ghostship. Once here you should go to the ghostship after asking the head for the necklace. That was a tedious tip, eh?

FIXING AMIGAS

Q "Could you please give me the address for Escom or any address which repairs Amigas."
Polychloride Romaines

A Hell, No.

HUMANS

Q "Could you please tell me the code for level 20 of this *Lemmings*-esque platform-puzzler"
Michael Hastings, Nottingham

A To bound yourself towards the promised realm of zwansig-ville (as our German chums would probably put it) merely finger the keyboard rapidly until the title of the truly awful debut album of third-rate Indie combo Sleeper (That's SMART for non NME-philes).

MONKEY ISLAND TWO

Q "Please can you help me. I'm stuck on *Monkey Island Two* on part four. Can you please tell me how to get the final ingredient. I have already have the doll, skull, beard and hankerchief, but I can't find "something of the thread".
Jason Biddulph, Birmingham

A Easy. Go to the room with the grog machine in and fiddle with the coin return thingy-ma-jig. A shiny coin will run across the floor, and Le'Chuck will enter. Contain your fear, and smirk inwardly as the Zombie-Pirate spies the change on the floor, and bends over to pick it up. Take your chance and grab hold of his dubiously coloured underwear, and yank. His pants are yours.

And so ends my last ever *Monkey Island* tip. I feel like weeping.

INDIANA JONES AND THE

CASES CLOSED

AND FROM THIS DAY THEY WILL REMAIN CLOSED... FOREVER

PREMIER MANAGER

Q The blasphemously named Demonologist Freeman of Gateshead required cheats for this footy mannie sim, proving that he wasn't actually that much of a premier manager after all, eh? Cue James Quarterman for a mighty forty yard lob of a tip.

A "Go to the telephone screen and type the following numbers for the desired result: 343343 = £500,000 400040 = All players to 99% fitness" **James Quarterman, Berkshire**

ROME

Q Luke Syke's Caeser-esque ambition was foiled by the welcoming Cleopatran folds of this Robin Hood-type adventure. Now all hail the all-conquering Mark Antony figure of James Quarterman. Hurrah!

A "Hold down ALT and type in one of the codes. When you release the ALT key, you should find that the game will have altered in the way described:

HERCULANEUM:
764 – Start Thunder and Lantern. 826 – Start volcano exploding. 293 – Give host some money. 119 – Give host toga. 275 – Force ship to dock. 472 – Win Level.
ROME 1:
692 – Win Level. 792 – Add to Hector's cash. 092 – Pretend Hector's just come successfully from here. 442 – Evening. 443 – Night. 624 – Start a dice game. 635 – Start a play. 426 – Start a slave auction. 857 – Emperor's speech. 608 – Buy a slave girl. 719 – Buy a slave. 702 – Start games. 299 – Put Hector inside Palace.
BRITAIN
232 – Rainfall. 233 – Fine. 234 – Night. 235 – Day. 868 – Monitor Sentinel's Strategies. 490 – Win level.
ROME 2
362 – Win level. 102 – Start registration of candidates. 103 – Auto-register Hector as candidate. 114 – Buy a slave. 305 – Star games. 436 – Start election (Hector as candidate). 437 – Start election (Hector not a candidate). 410 – Pretend you've borrowed money. 792 – Add to Hector's cash. 442 – Evening. 443 – Night. 551 – Own a slave girl.
EGYPT
691 – Enable map blips for sentinels. 661 – Monitor sentinel's strategies. 809 – Win level.
ROME 3
624 – Win level. 403 – Night. 434 – Buy a slave. 305 – Start games. 210 – Start games. 792 – Add to Hector's cash."
James Quarterman, Berkshire

CANNON FODDER CD32

Q One Diseased Orange required a cheat for this silver plattered conversion of superb sensible-esque action-strategy game. His good Samaritan? Well his name is an anagram of SAME J MANER QUART.

A "Using a mouse in the front port, click the LOAD icon, then hold down both mouse buttons for a few seconds and release. A screen will appear with the hard-man option and level select. Move the cursor up and down (or left and right) to change level. Press the RIGHT mouse button or the BLUE button on the joypad to extinguish the hard man option. Note that the levels are not mission numbers, but phase numbers: Mission two phase two is phase number three."
James Quarterman, Berkshire

VIROCOP

Q Perhaps the only thing lacking from my final Last Resort is a letter from that most Red of fat Dutch cats, Heinz, who never actually got round to sending me his portrait. Never mind: Here's James writes-well-over-a-quarter-of-my-column-man answer to the feline one's *Virocop* problems.

A "These are all the level codes. You'll have to register your name as being "I am Legend" to use them though.
STTPREN KFFSJLP FKCSSID FKVSMPL
MPJPFNB GNRSTSH NGSDCNG DHBNPFJ
RCLKKTV JLCNSGD BVMSVBK BVSSCRG
HDKSLJM CRPSBVF HDHKMR HDJKFSB
BVRKTKH LJDKGPC BVFSJLP BVNSHDT"
James Quarterman, Berkshire

LEGENDS OF VALOUR

Q Paul Ewen was having trouble finishing possibly the greatest game not to find it's way into the All-Time Top One Hundred. As is Oliver Hill, but he's got a few pet theories to throw our way. How generous of the chap, eh?

A "The "Captive Water dwellers" is referring to the green "Water Dwellers" that are "Captive" in the Zoo. To get to them you must portal into their cage and find the stairs round the back. Then you will go back down into another room which had lots of water running down the wall (Water Dwellers). In the far corner you will find the amulet of defence.

To find King Wilf you must enter the stairs in the south west most tower of the castle grounds (the top part of the map). Now wander around, portaling through many walls to reach the king. You'll know you're on the right track when you find a secure door that you can use your key for. Other than that I can shed no extra light on the Sven leaving town answer you guys get: However I think Paul is on the right track with the diary, as all the pictures in the game are iff compatible, and there is one of a diary, editable in deluxe paint, yet unfound elsewhere in the game." **Oliver Hill, Buckinghamshire**

DUNE 2

Q Here's a weird one: Cam's review of this wibbled on about how all Dune fans will love it for it's accuracy, but every one I know who've had the chance to investigate it's fine wargame action has pointed out that guns are effectively useless in Dune due to force-field technology, and everyone uses knives.

Anyway Mark Renshaw was having trouble defeating the Sardukar on some undefined level, as their missiles ploughed relentlessly into his fortress. Mentat Oliver Hill speaks:

A "I think Gazza's problem is that he's trying to get an offensive together before he has a decent defence. I'm not quite sure which level he's on, but if these missiles are the death hand which can sometimes take out your entire base, then the only way to avoid these are to save the game regularly and re-load if it hits, and save if it misses. If he's chatting about Sardukar troopers, then he should just run over them in a harvester, or a tank, or something.

He should concentrate his attacks on the flanks of the enemy base, which is generally defended less efficiently, and is also close to the construction yard. Another advantage is that you do not start to attack their new units on the way to pummel your base. They'll wander blindly into your base, where they'll get toasted by your missile turrets. You should save your offensive forces for attacking their defensive units and buildings.

And let's not get depressed as the Amiga is turning into some internet connection for the PC. We still have all the old classic games, which will never lose their appeal, top-quality PD and the memories."
Oliver Hill, Buckinghamshire

And that's it, Comrades. It's all over, though I would like to think that the Last Resort's death is a hope-filled semi-colon rather than an absolute full-stop. There's always a new chapter. It's just that in this one you'll have to work out the answers to all the *Monkey Island* games with no help from a certain Long-haired, Manics-loving, Student layabout, eh?

So adios Craig Hesmondhalgh, farewell Heinz (The Red, Fat Cat) and auf weidersehen to every other noble child who has ever sheltered in my humble chateau. Everything must... Excuse me. There's some sort of bird tapping on the window, disturbing my concentration. I'll just go and shoo it away. Be right back. Aah, aah no... Not the eyes... No...

FATE OF ATLANTIS

Q "Help! I'm stuck on *Indiana Jones*. I've got the three spindel stones and have reached the map room. My dilemma ("Great cars them dilemmas." – Ed) is that I'm unsure what combination to turn the three spindel stones to open the door to Atlantis. Please, Please, HELP MEEEEEEEE." **Jamie Hawker, Leicester**

A Och, this is a simple one (to quote and patronise Mr Campbell). Just read the lost dialogue and set everything according to that. You buffoon.

GILL SHEPHERD

Q "I'm in dire straits. My job as low-quality tips-columnist has been wrenched from me, and whilst I rejoice that a whimpering shell of a magazine has been put out of it's misery, I feel that my fiscal security has been placed in an area as stable as most of Los Angeles. Some of my chums are suggesting that I may have to actually work for a living. find this prospect rather daunting. Please help." **C-Monster, Hell/Stafford**

A You're buggered I'm afraid.

QUO V

Glancing around nervously, Reader Millington pays tribute to the Mighty Beings…

When – on December 31st 1999 – Dickie Davies is doing a lavish, television spectacular charting the cultural history of the 20th Century and he moves solemnly among the celebrity audience asking, "And where were you when you heard the news that AMIGA POWER was closing…?" we will all doubtless bite our lips as our own memories of the event resurface. We, the masses who only bought an Amiga in the first place so that we'd have an excuse to subscribe to AP, are changed. Changed forever.

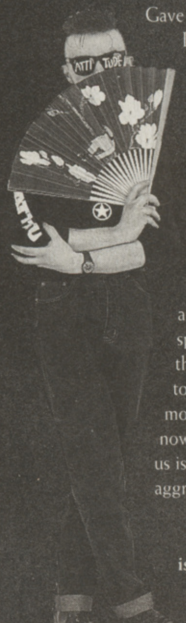
I realise that we're all still in shock from the news. In the coming weeks some of us will try to pick up the pieces of ours lives, others will turn to drugs; but I ask you all to see beyond your own pain for one moment. Yes, AMIGA POWER was the highlight of our lives – for more than one person in Loughborough it WAS their lives – but there are those who will lose even more than we will. It's easy to forget… what was I saying? (Joking to hide the tears, there. British tradition.) It's easy to forget that AP is (OR SHOULD THAT BE WAS? Death, take me now.) the nipple which succoured a very nearly talented team of writers. Okay, many of them have gone, or come and go like backwards-and-forwards things, but they always knew AP was there; an oasis in the ocean. Imagine your parents suddenly disappeared when you went to university – where would you take your laundry then, eh? Spare a thought, then, for the new AP orphans, past and present.

STEVE McGILL

Gave in long ago to the Dark Side of the Force. We shall move on.

STUART CAMPBELL

Where will he rant now? Stuart has 'opinionated' written right through him (like punk rock – boom boom!) and AP said, "Stu, vent your spleen, rave deliriously, mention this side-scrolling shoot-'em-up too, if you like – here's lots of money." But where will tiny Stu go now? Yes, yes, he's sick – but who of us is without fault? Loud and aggressive, Stu tried so hard to go against the stereotypical image of a Scot, yet how long now, we wonder, before he descends to a shuffling, drunken itinerant wandering the London Underground like 75% of his nation?



It's an uncomfortable image, isn't it? Stuart simpering like a school girl. Let's move on.

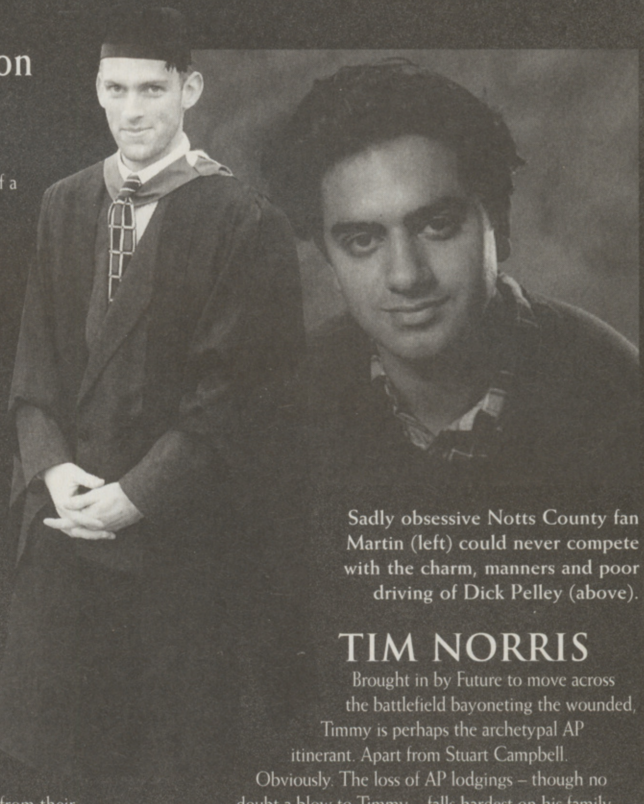
What a nice smile. How he is missed.

MARTIN AXFORD

Tragically, we barely had time to warm to Martin before he led the magazine into oblivion. Poor JONAH Axford. Formally an employee of BCCI, Martin moved to AP after an inevitably brief spell at Today newspaper. Said to be the brains behind the CD32, Martin admits, "I'm not really sure what my plans are now – though The New Statesman has paid me a substantial sum to keep the hell away from their offices." It is worth noting that he supports Notts County.

DICK PELLEY

Former teen idol Pelley turned his back on AP's glittering round of showbiz parties to study chemistry. A man driven by altruism, he'd dreamt as a small boy of discovering the elusive chemical secret that would pave the way to giving the world the next generation of Lemsip. He worked at AP purely to fund his ground-breaking sachet experiments, but while here his selfless, almost Jesus-like nature drew him to minister help to others. Dick provided relief to many an adolescent boy, not least through his Tips section. Always seeing the good in everything (except *Battle Toads*, which he gave a right bloody kicking. Understandably.), Dick will be devastated by AP's demise not simply for its own sake, but because of its knock-on effects too. Who will be around to fund his research now? What might he have discovered if AP were still there to throw money at him? How many who might have lived will die for want of the medical breakthroughs Dick can now never make? What colour are your hands, Future? Eh? WHAT COLOUR ARE THEY?



Sadly obsessive Notts County fan Martin (left) could never compete with the charm, manners and poor driving of Dick Pelley (above).

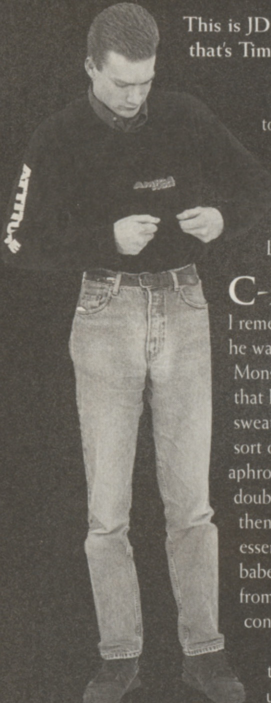
TIM NORRIS

Brought in by Future to move across the battlefield bayoneting the wounded, Timmy is perhaps the archetypal AP itinerant. Apart from Stuart Campbell. Obviously. The loss of AP lodgings – though no doubt a blow to Timmy – falls hardest on his family, with whom he will now spend more time. What random act of disturbed violence will, a generation hence, find its seed in this moment? No, I've no idea either. But I bet it'll be one hell of a bugger, don't you?

JONATHAN DAVIES

JD is perhaps the person least affected by AP's closure for, as all loyal readers will know, he was brutally murdered by Winstanley when the latter seized editorial control. Amid rumours of intimidation, Winstanley secured the rights to JD's name, image and urbane literary style from his estate and takes 80% of all monies earned from its use. The cut taken from the Hull-based single mother who edits PC Gamer under JD's name, for example, has paid for the extension to the smaller of Winstanley's houses in the Algarve. If JD could return from beyond, he'd view this situation with a self-deprecating chortle, but the closure of the magazine which he brought to its TRUE Golden Age will no doubt have him turning in his unmarked grave. It is no exaggeration

ADIS



This is JD, not C-Monster. And that's Tim Norris at the bottom of the last page.

to say that, by the destruction of AP, FUTURE PUBLISHING MOCKS THE DEAD.

C-MONSTER

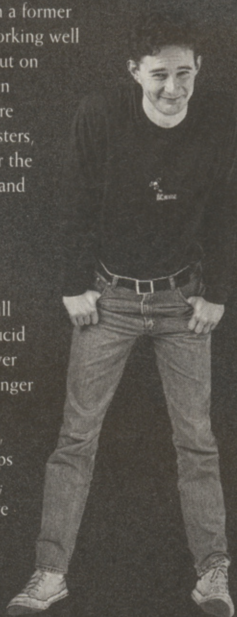
I remember, in the days when he was a mere reader, C-Monster writing in to declare that he'd 'pulled' in an AP sweatshirt – it being some sort of ironic, post-modern aphrodisiac, apparently. A double kick in the teeth, then (a drop-kick, essentially), for C; as the babe-magnet status slips from the national consciousness AND he loses his job as resident tipster. Clearly unemployable elsewhere, the caché of AP attire fading fast, he'll plummet downwards faster than Jeff Bridges in The Fisher King. Did. Penniless and stripped of sexual allure, what chance does he stand of gaining the affections of ANY crooked-eyebrowed girl now? A week from today we can imagine C, the hiss of an unlit gas-ring, and a siren in the distance – racing towards his bedsit, too late.

JONATHAN NASH

Brave, brave Jonathan Nash. The Sylvia Plath of games journalism. Sensitive little Jonathan Nash; fragile, child-like limbs, but the heart of a lion. One of only a couple of hundred people who ever managed to hold the post of AP editor, Jonathan fought for AP with the fervour of a mother swan protecting her kittens. His final knife fight with the Powers That Be is widely remembered as being, "like something out of West Side Story." The tragedy was that Jonathan cared TOO much. Always a nervous, highly-strung character, fighting AP's corner, suffering personal abuse from a former head of Amiga Technologies, and working well into the night to get the magazine out on time finally took its toll. He had been under the doctor for some time before the final confrontation with AP's masters, but that pushed him completely over the edge. Friends and family lost touch, and only through the lucky chance of seeing him appear as a contestant on television's Man-O-Man were they able to track him down and give him the help he needed. Jonathan still writes brilliant game reviews in his lucid moments, yet these moments are fewer and fewer, the gaps between them longer and longer. The doctors can do nothing. Yet given that AP is closing, the addled state of his mind is perhaps a mercy. Yes, he has suffered enough; if he has to be told, let us at least give thanks that he's barking.

STEVEN FRRGHERER

One might think that someone into role-playing games and football would be stoned to death at AMIGA POWER's door. You might think he could do with a proper shave too. Yet Frrgherer was an integral part of the AP team when 'team' actually meant 'a group of people working together, or taking part in a sporting activity'. JD's gentlemanly mien, Stu's proselytising, proto-Christ Pelley, elfin Jonathan and Cameron The Beast Winstanley were set off perfectly by the scratching, swarthy, pot-bellied football fan with the secret desire to write about collectable card sets. As a magazine which always provided a haven for misfits, it's fitting that Frrgherer conducts AP's band as she sinks beneath the waves. What will Frrgherer do now? Well, only time, and the following 'Ed' comment will tell...



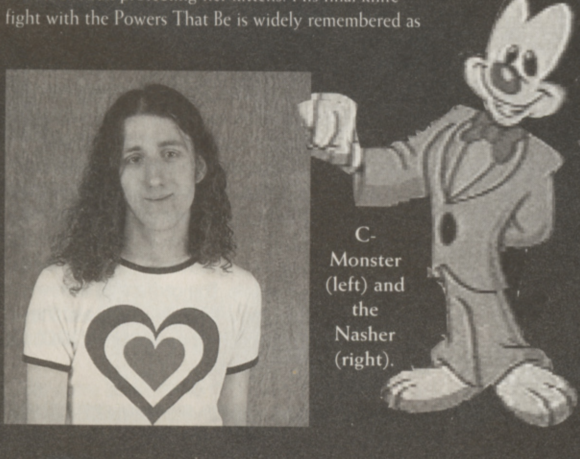
Behind Cam's smile lurks an evil, devious scheming mind. Not really.

CAMERON WINSTANLEY

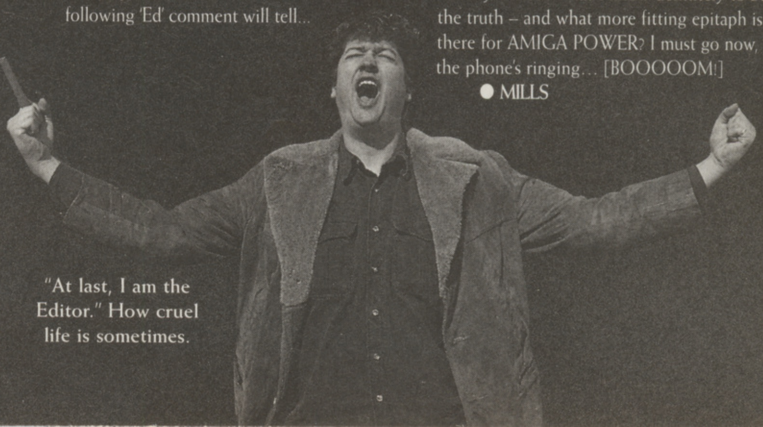
There are those who might think Winstanley would be unmoved by AP's death. Yet, as he moves about the office asset stripping, one can detect him pushing the keys of his calculator with less than usual verve. From AP Winstanley has now moved on to Comedy Review ('CR' – furnishing us with a 'CRAP' acronym which doesn't possess half the comic potential one might suppose). The AP years were undeniably good to Winstanley; stepping over JD's body into the editor's office, knocking out the mendacious but money-spinning playing guides, selling-on promotional merchandise – it set him up for life. A cushy job, the JD franchising deal, Future subsidising his snowboarding holidays in Klosters, his Essex estate kept spotless by the Filipina bride he bought for the purpose; everything he always dreamt of. Yet he knows he'll never regain the AP days. For Winstanley, you see, it's ALWAYS THE NEXT SCAM THAT'S IMPORTANT. And AP was Scam Central. Will he ever be able to persuade Comedy Review to pay for him to go off and play in a military helicopter? Or hire a chaingun to 'illustrate' a feature? Will he nads. AP gave him such a free hand that, staying up all night dreaming up new scams, his health began to suffer. Sure he's wealthy beyond anything we can imagine, but he knows he can no longer walk out of the office, hire a Reservoir Dogs suit and simply charge it to expenses. It's the possibilities that Winstanley sees dying, the cornucopia shattering; it is perhaps he who feels AP's loss most of all.

Of course I've missed people out – Sue Huntley, for an obvious one. But had I written about Suzy it would have been speculation at best, and at worst mere fiction. I have only written what I know definitely to be the truth – and what more fitting epitaph is there for AMIGA POWER? I must go now, the phone's ringing... [BOOOOOM!]

● MILLS



C-Monster (left) and the Nasher (right).



"At last, I am the Editor." How cruel life is sometimes.

DO THE write thing

There's no point in sending us any more letters. We found Phil the postman's head nailed to our door this morning and things look desperate. If any of us do escape the mysterious pogrom that has befallen AP you'll possibly find us on the comp.sys.amiga.games newsgroup in future.

THE BIRDS ARE, UM, FLYING ABOUT

Dear AP,

This missive is brought to you not by the wonders of the MegaInfoHyperDualCarriageway, but by my ancient C64. Such is the march of technology, eh?

Anyhow, two weeks into my exciting student holidays and I'm bored. Two weeks of having nothing better to do than watch episodes of Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased) is gnawing away at my soul and as a result I have been finding ways to re-create my splendid student lifestyle. These are my findings:

GETTING UP LATE – this is not easy at home, as my mum gets terribly upset.

GOING TO A LECTURE – this can be easily simulated by watching a particularly dull daytime television programme (ie any of them), making notes on the programme for about five minutes, and then being fed up. You are then able to stare blankly at the screen, doodle on your notepad, and yawn a lot.

GOING TO THE LIBRARY – A good way to re-create this is to go to a local library. No, really. However, you must make sure that none of the books you want to get are currently available. Even if they are, pretend they aren't. Get out at least two books that look like they might be useful, but aren't at all useful really.

EATING – My mum just doesn't understand that I don't need to eat vegetables to keep healthy, and that frozen pizza is a healthy alternative. Parents, eh?

DOING THE LAUNDRY – Obviously being at home my mum does the laundry. However, I have still spent an afternoon sat in the launderette staring at washing machines and reading the not at all useful books I got out at the library. And jolly satisfying it is too.

DOING AN EXAM – Write two letters to some exciting people in two hours (say, two of the exciting student pals who gave you their addresses and probably are regretting it even now). If they reply to your letters – you've passed. Hurrah!

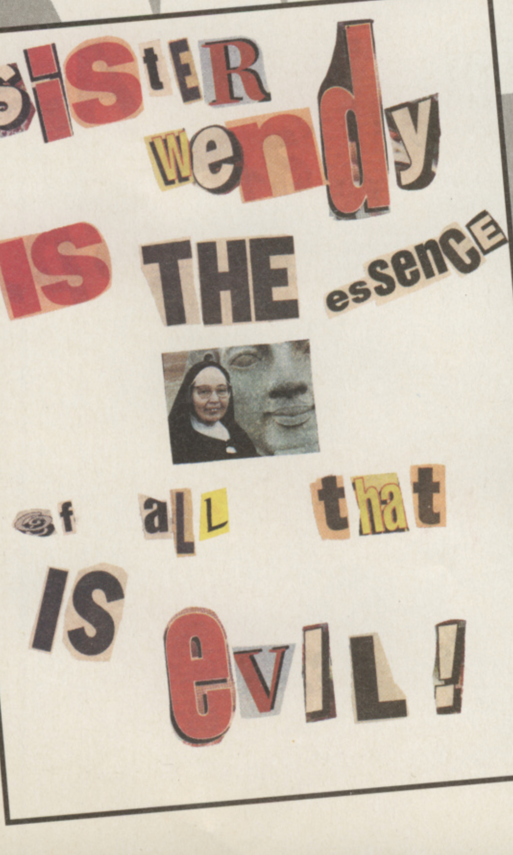
GOING OUT, GETTING DRUNK, JUMPING UP AND DOWN TO VERY LOUD MUSIC AND LEERING AT MEMBERS OF THE OPPOSITE SEX – This is terribly difficult to simulate. I mean, you could go to the local nightspots, but it's not just the same, The beer is hugely expensive and isn't watered down to studenty taste, and any girls you might get off with could be... well, you've seen Trainspotting, use your imagination.

No, going out just isn't an option at home, so you think up a way around it. The music's going to have to have to be played through headphones, otherwise the neighbours will complain. To simulate alcohol, get some apple juice and put some water in it – well, cider is dead good for getting drunk on. And you can undo your shoelaces for that exciting "Will I fall over?" drunken experience. Put pictures of attractive women/men (whatever takes your fancy) on your walls and strike a pose whenever you go near them. You won't snog any of them, so it's absolutely like the real thing.

Hmmm, I have far too much time on your hands. Do try to cheer up, AP63 was terribly bleak. I mean, the sun's out, the birds are, um, flying about and, erm, stuff... erm...

Flossie

'Bye Flossie.



SisTER Wendy IS THE essence of all that IS evIL!

JUST THE LETTERS PAGES TO GO

Dear AP,

The scene: A dark, moody and not particularly spacious L-shaped office. It is late. A single figure is sat hunched in front of a monitor, wearily typing up the final pages of the magazine on which he earns a living. On the desk in front of him is an Apple Macintosh computer, a half-empty bottle of *("Feeling a bit frisky" – Ed)*, an ashtray containing a mass of cigarette butts and a large jar of dubious-looking pills.

Martin: Phew, nearly finished. Just the letters page to go, and then I can go home and dream sweet dreams.

(The shot switches to the monitor screen. On it can be seen the the words of the many devoted readers of AMIGA POWER. As Martin types, eerie piano music begins to play. He finishes the paragraph and stops to look at what he has written. The camera closes in on a single sentence: "Video game music IS THE TOOL OF THE DEVIL.")

Matin (worriedly) Good heavens. I could have sworn that reader was using one of our own gags. The drink and drugs and nicotine must be affecting me. I had better go for a walk to calm my fragile nerves.

(Scene changes to an exterior shot of a dark and moody corner shop. Martin is seen to enter. Inside, he makes for the computer magazines.)

Martin: I know, I'll go and read the other magazines which purport to to inform the public about the Amiga. I shall mock the inferiority of their text and scowl scornfully at the many lies they tell. That should cheer me up.

(Martin picks up a rival mag and opens it, revealing a game review. The camera zooms gradually into the page until only one line of the text is visible: "This appalling product is A TOOL OF THE DEVIL.")

MARTIN: Oh no! Oh no!

(He drops the magazine and runs desperately

DO THE write thing

for the exit, stopping briefly to kneel at the feet of an attractive young women and shout up at her bosom. Scene changes to the interior of a dark and moody living room. A front door is heard slamming, and Martin hurries into shot before collapsing into an armchair.)

Martin: (gasping) Oh, the horror. I must find a way to relax or I shall undoubtedly collapse in a heap and have to be taken to hospital. Perhaps I should have a look at the many interesting things to be found on teletext, the information channel.

(He turns on the television and calls up page 471, to see who is currently ranting about something on Digitiser's Panel 4. It is Violet Berlin. The shot cuts to the television screen, closing in on the chunky computerised words: "Dominik Diamond is THE SPAWN OF SATAN.")

Martin: (screaming in terror) My God! They're all speaking my jokes!

The next episode of Poweroke and Cold Larceny can be seen this time next month, and indeed every month subsequent to that until everyone comes up with their own one-liners instead of swiping them from AP.

Matthew Smith, Street

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Wonder who said that first?

SUFFERED A MAJOR SPASM

Dear AP,

So, my bitingly satirical comparison between manipulative video games companies and those naughty Tory people wasn't funny, eh? Right, that does it. I'm afraid you leave me no choice – it is time for me to unleash the terrible fury of... The Late Arrivals At the Computer Enthusiasts Ball! (NB – These get progressively worse, so start laughing now. It'll save time later on when you're being wheeled into hospital having suffered a major spasm.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, would you please welcome Mr and Mrs Onlymemory, and their son, Reed Onlymemory.

Mr and Mrs Disk and their extremely tough daughter, Hard Disk, followed closely by their effeminate son, Floppy.

Oh look, here come Mr and Mrs Stick, and their elated daughter, Joy Stick.

From the orient, Mr and Mrs Sport, and their son Mau.

Mr and Mrs Alkombatoo, and their excessively violent son, Mort Alkombatoo.

And not forgetting Mr and Mrs Aglobalcorporation, accompanied by their desperate daughter, Meg Aglobalcorporation.

Let that be a lesson to you, you young scamps. See that you behave from now on, or next time it'll be The Late Arrivals At The Morticians Convention. And I don't think any of you would want that.

Mathew Smith, Street

Ooh, scare us Matthew.

UNDERMINE THE NATURAL

DARWINIAN ORDER

Cooee Pallies,

It's your old friend Henry the Lion again. I felt moved to write to you again because I am worried. Very worried. *Kang Fu,* previewed in AP63, contains a kangaroo with a machine gun. I feel this sets a dangerous precedent that could undermine the natural Darwinian order of life.

Predators catch prey, predators eat prey, prey gives predator indigestion. Imagine what would happen if Wildebeest armed themselves with AK47s. Us lions would wouldn't stand a chance. Mown down before we even get within pouncing distance. Natural predators would have to resort to gorilla tactics (and hide in trees and drop down on unsuspecting foes shouting BOO! – thus catching them by surprise, hopefully).

But where will it all end? Imagine Percy Penguin hijacking a nuclear submarine, sailing up Regents Canal and threatening London Zoo with an ICBM strike in an attempt to free his compatriots from the Penguin Pond.

I think I shall invest in a small tank – then I can blast those herds of heavily armed wildebeest from long range while hiding behind several inches of armour plating. That will save lots of running around and getting exhausted trying to pounce on those madly stampeding gnu. Safer too. And more accurate – Uncle Albert always said the only thing I could catch was a cold. THIS MEANS WAR.

HENRY

Until the showroom delivers my brand new armour plated tank, I'm off to cower under the settee – but don't tell the wildebeest.

Yours with paranoia.

Henry T Lion, Kent

SWOOP LOW AND LAND

Dear AP,

Vegetables, huh? What an increasingly stupid and nonsensical idea. Imagine the scene:

Midway through The Fourth Day, God looked up at his work. Much was complete – there was sky, and stars and lots of other important stuff, but it was as yet incomplete.

"What have I missed?" He cried, "I must work it out soon, else my plans to have Sunday off could be well and truly buggered.

He moped about for a bit, creating important stuff like animals and man and things. And then, striking him like the frame of a very low door, did the impish creature Inspiration swoop low and land upon his head.

"Aha!" cried He with joy. "Lets create a type of food uniformly inedible, and then give it the same colour as decay and mould and other terrible stuff, just to make sure only madmen eat it."

God was on a roll. He could see it. "And let's make it an essential for human existence. And let's give the disease caused by not eating them the world's most unpronounceable name. A name, in fact, almost crap as 'vegetable' itself. But anyway.

Talking of incomprehensible ramblings (or, in my case, writing it), has anyone seen Timmy Mallet recently? My holiday mornings are incomplete without his spectacled face observing me from the corner of my bedrooom.

Mission: Impossible, huh? What a

➤

XXXX XXX XXXXX winner

XXX XXX XXXXXX XXX

Dear Amiga Power,

I wish to inform you of a diabolical fact that has recently come to my attention and COULD SPELL DISASTER FOR THE REST OF THE HORTICULTURAL WORLD. Plant piracy. YES! Each year millions of seemingly innocent gardeners CUT BITS OFF PLANTS IN ORDER TO CREATE THEIR OWN ILLEGAL COPY. This diabolical attack on the plant world has been carrying on for centuries. The effects of this EVIL practice is now EVIDENT to the trained eye. Garden centres have been continually loosing money due to people strolling in WITH THEIR INFERNAL DEVICES OF PLANT AMPUTATION and MUTILATING POOR INNOCENT PLANTS before walking away with JUST ONE SMALL LEAF to grow their ILLEGAL COPY and flood the world with poor, bad quality plants. WATCH OUT FOR THESE.

We of FAPT (Federation Against Plant Theft) have come up with several ways to watch out for these EVIL ILLEGAL PLANTS, BLATANTLY ROBBING FRIEND GARDEN CENTRE BLIND. These are the places NOT to by plants from:

1. Car boot sales – THE STOMPING GROUND FOR THE CLOVEN HOOFED ONE.
2. School galas. Despite outwardly appearing to be innocent affairs – they are at the heart of piracy.
3. Your next door neighbour. (Why else would they want to sell your plants other than to make an EVIL and extremely fast PROFIT.

Here are the places where it is good and safe to by plants from:

1. Garden centres. (Make sure they are big and well respected. Smaller garden centres could be full of ILLEGAL COPIES so beware.

I hope this will help you and others to overcome this EVIL occupation. FAPT needs YOU. Please send cheques of £10000 to:

FAPT
Low Willows
Mayfield Road
Unverston
CUMBRIA LA12 0DU

WE would like the support of the JUST and FAIR AMIGA POWER in our quest for life without ILLEGALLY COPIED PLANTS.

Yours plant lovingly,

NIcholas Leslie Brian Reginald Wilson,
Reading

Thanks for the warning, brother. The Cheque's in the post.

complete pile of incomprehensible crap. While I managed to control my incredulity during the first half hour by humming the strangely therapeutic theme tune over and over again, during the later scenes I nearly exploded with outrage. I refer to the most obvious error in a film ever – the two halves of a piece of chewing gum which explode when combined. These two halves, of course, coming on the same stick, stuck together in the middle!

Bloody hell.

Cheerio then peeps.

Brett Davids, Loughborough

Goodbye Brett. And we never thought we'd miss you (gulp).

PSYGNOSIS FOR LUNCH

Dear AP,

Hi! I'm AMIGA POWER, and this was me when I was 132 pages. (Holds up photo of AP33). Now, after only two and a half years of cretinous management, stroppy game publishers and hopeless takeover bids, I am 52! (Puts hands on hips and puckers.) Can you BELIEVE that was me? Corporations for breakfast, Team17, Ice and Psygnosis for lunch, and a proper stupid German PC company to finish me off. Just look at the difference. (Grins into camera.)

Now I can fit into all those spaces in the newsagents that I could never get into before – the bottom rack, the end shelf and hidden behind the dozens of PC magazines – which ensure that I don't accumulate any more of those ghastly, fattening sales. I don't even need a spine anymore – my fabulous lightweight staples give me all the support I need. I'm a new magazine altogether, and it's all thanks to – The Slim Fast Planners.

Bastards.

Mathew Smith, Street

And that's enough from you, you tinker.

SOMETHING AGAINST VULCAN

Dear AMIGA POWER,

Can you please explain why you gave *Valhalla – Before The War* and *Valhalla – The Fortress of Eve* such bad reviews in your magazine. *(Yes. We didn't like them. – Ed)*

Have you something against Vulcan Software? *(No. They're good people. – Ed)*

The *Valhalla* series is extremely playable and addictive and are by far the best games I've played to date. Many other people I've spoken to have agreed with this and also believe you're being unfair to Vulcan.

Amiga Action gave 94%, CU Amiga gave 90%, but you, AMIGA POWER, gave only 19% for *Before the War* and 20% for *The Fortress of Eve.* WHY? *(We didn't like them. – Ed)*

Whoever does your reviews can't tell a playable game that keeps you entertained as well as being value for money if it poked them in the eyes?

PRINT THIS IF YOU DARE.

Mr Blubber Pulfer, Essex
(A very unhappy reader)

Pulfer? What a stupid name.

POSSIBLE SENSE APPEARED

Hello you,

Despite being MIGHTY POWERFUL CREATURES OF LIGHT AND TRUTH, I am afraid to say that in your examination of THE GAME OF THE FILM you neglected to mention *Dennis.* Spawn of Satan's loins Himself, this game (and I use the word game in the loosest possible sense) apeared in AP34, gaining an unsurprising 8%. The most memorable piece of the game was Dennis (who was passed off as the "The Menace" from the Beano instead of the terrible film on Channel 4 – a 6.30am schedule filler) attempting to ghost an electric light switch with a water pistol.

The game was from Ocean. Yes

Natch.

David Heffron

SEE-THROUGH SIDE BITS

Hello,

Great news! Y'know how I (and some other fool) sent our copies of the Space Themes CD and how they were both disqualified? How you built up a little boy's hopes, then smashed all of his dreams to pieces, you inhumane monsters?

Well, after the liquidation of Tring International Music ("Affordable Quality") someone has bought the ailing company, and re-released it, with a really cool ray-traced sleeve of the sort Amiga Format would like. The CD has got one of those see-through side bits that seem to have replaced the grey ones. Of course, they've probably left in the error on the cover, where the themes from The Empire Strikes Back and Battlestar Galactica are the wrong way round – hence keeping in line with the idiosyncrasies of old.

Hang about? Didn't that happen to the manufacturers of a once popular home computer?

Why not try getting Future Publishing to publish a magazine (when AP is dead, natch) about anything and everything? You could use all your old in-jokes, but aim it a different audience, perhaps the lucrative 18-26 market, and make it like one of those "trendy" magazines. You could get it advertised in all the other Future mags, and perhaps in some others, then get everyone reading what is really just AMIGA POWER. You could make subtle references to your days of AP, like you do now sometimes with Your Sinclair – which would be a nostalgic treat for old readers and would seem like a strange and quirky style of humour that would intrigue all the new readers. You could call it "POWER" or "JUST POWER" or something like that. And you could be secretly ironic by not making any references to the Amiga, the PC, or indeed any computers at all, but at the same time comparing everyday events to the fun and freaky world of computer games without actually mentioning them. For example, you could say the comedy routines of Lee and Herring are like *Dizzy:* all the same characters and jokes, but enormously enjoyable nonetheless.

Yours beguilingly,

Mark Williams

FAILED TO STAY AHEAD

Dear AP,

How the mighty have fallen!

I can't help noticing, during recent months, that the number/size of pages, quantity of covermount disks, advertisements, news items, previews, reviews, letters, change from a fiver etc... has steadily declined markedly.

Compared with your competitors, you have failed to stay ahead in this wonderful new market strategy for Amiga publications. Furthermore, I find you wholly responsible for the state of the Amiga games software market.

The remedies for this deplorable situation seem to be:

A) Cut out the entertainingly large editorial and take advertising for other publications with no relevance to games software whatsoever. In fact, turn the rest of the mag into a glorified tips booklet, slap on a demo or a so-called "commercial" game PD houses would be ashamed to own, charge 55p less, enough change for a... er, currant bun anyone?

B) Cut out the entertainingly large editorial, and reduce everything else in the mag to the bare minimum until the readership can't even be arsed to write in and you're forced into writing a parody of

SECRET SMALLS

SOFTWARE

- CD32 games for cash, Including *Morph, Chaos Engine, Guardian, Simon the Sorcerer, Microcosm, Super Skidmarks, Theme Park, Alien Breed 3D* and *Gloom.* All boxed with instructions.
Tommy Herbert (01353) 720745
- Don't let your Amiga die! I have over 100 top Amiga games, all boxed originals. Prices range from £13-£3 inc p&p. Phone me for a free list.
Justin Woodyard (0181) 3252005
- *F1 GP, Cannon Fodder* and *Crazy Cars 3.* £5 each. All boxed originals.
Mathew Little (01666) 860577
- Tons of Amiga games at low prices, all original and in mint condition. For free list, send sae.
Marc Something-Or-Other, 57 Holdenhurst Avenue, Boscombe East, Bournemouth, DORSET BH7 6RP

HARDWARE

- A200 Desktop Dynamite pack (extra warranty), Philips Monitor 50, plus games, joysticks, coverdisks and magazines. £350 ono.
Armageddon Mallaband (0114) 2393291
- Amiga-mad family sadly selling up. A1200s x2, A500, A600, HD, extra RAM, monitors x2, 5 ext drives, etc etc.
Dreadnaught Andrews (012322) 664136
- Amiga 1200 with 2Mb RAM, Hard drive built in, plus Philips monitor and accessories. £400.
Stephen McGartland (01475) 744761
- Every Issue of *Amiga Power* 1-64, including absolutely everything – cover disks, subs letters, post cards, calenders etc. The lot £40.
Jonathan Feldman (010 3531) 4901204

WANTED

- *Arcade Snooker* wanted urgently. My coverdisk version has been stolen. Can you help?
Kris Faulkner, 28 St Lukes Avenue, Maidstone, KENT ME14 5AL
- *Chase Hq, Tai-Pan, Dark Seed,* and *Flight of the Amazon Queen,* boxed and with manuals for A500.
Chris Hindley, 78 Werpe Park, Connah's Quay, Deeside, Flintshire CH54HN
- *Cannon Fodder* help manual.
Zebadiah McAbernethy (0181) 3723546
- 3.5 inch external disk drive. Pay about £20 plus postage.
John Elcock, 49 Holding, Worksop, NOTTS S81 OTD
- Any episodes on video of Chuckle Vision from the '80s, and a copy of Livingstone's debut single.
Alex Luka (01274) 772021

SWAPS

- Will swap *Fields of Glory* (A500) plus £5 for *Little Computer People* on A500/C64. Urgently wanted!
Mike Stallard (0169) 652633

PENPALS

- 12-year-old male seeks male/female pen pals. Owns A600, into music and sport. Reply 100% guaranteed.
Richard Arnold, 12 Coniston Close, Barnehurst, Kent DA7 6PZ
- Male A1200 owner seeks female A1200 owner 12+. Photo required, 100% reply. Possible relationship.
John Dixon, 11 The Spinney, Burrow West, Derby DE72 3FT
- Free! Custom Chip International magazine. 100% in English. Send a blank disk and sae to the address below. 100% reply.
José Munoz Bou, Aviador Franco 6, 12540 Villarreal, Castellon, SPAIN.
- I'm a 23-year-old, married, A1200 owner. Penpals wanted of any age, male/female for help. Like sports games and PD.
Abdoolah Mohammed Ohchia, 3 Herschell Street, Chaps-De-Mars, Port- Louis, MAURITIUS.

DO THE write thing

a letters page. Put THREE discs, one as above, on the cover, reduce the price by 25p in a vain effort to be as popular as er... Michael Jackson anyone?

So what do you intend to do about this disastrous state of affairs, eh?

The solution must surely be to slap SIX cover discs of any old tat on a printed card with a cover advert for, say, a mountain climbing annual. Put remaining editorial on the back for those who wish to read the mag at their local lending library (aka WH Smith) and reduce the price by 75p. Everyone's happy!

Yours, oh no, not all all being sarcastically,
Christopher Cotton, Northants

Or, of course, C) close.

IN A MOULDY BEDSIT

Hola to one and all at AP,

You may have heard of me through my trusted comrade, the Terminator. Yes. I am HE – Shifty Eddie.

Before I begin, I would like to make it clear that I am not going to whinge about the "mysterious disappearance" of the pages in AP, or the fact thar £4.50 is extortion (even for an intergalactic super-being), or the fact that the Amiga was sunk years ago, or about the toxic drivel excreted by Brett "Stll Believes in rehabilitation and rainbow medicine" Davids. Nor will I begin a nostalgic tour of tedium, involving phrases like "When I was a lad…" or "When I were knee high to a grasshopper…" describing how AMIGA POWER was so much better in the old days. So here is something completely different.

My, isn't salmon expensive? It is too. I know so. And nobody likes it! Salmon is evil (a little known fact, actually) and must be eliminated. It's £3 (about) for a tin! Just imagine how much you could buy with that. Remember, when you are in the supermarket, The Salmon is watching you, sat on its Throne of Tuna, with its allies, the dressed crab and lobster at hand. NO-ONE IS SAFE.

The truth is out there in a microwave dinner, in a mouldy bedsit, in a small hamlet, just outside of Slough.

Don't shimmy shake the jimmy jakes of consequence.
Shifty Eddie, Clwyd

Although sometimes we're quite glad to be dead.

THEATRICAL MANNER

Dear Do,

And what is to become of you? Where does a letters page go when the magazine where it lives disappears? A wise, ancient being living peacefully in your paper forest, suddenly left to starve – without shelter, without company – when the Future Publishing bulldozer razes your sole habitat to build offices for Total Training Shoe, or some such slash and burn endeavour. Just like you, Do, just like you to sacrifice yourself as an ecological metaphor. God bless.

Still, one can't mourn forever, and your imminent death is a boon for me in one way. It means I can now write in with some important truths, happy in the knowledge that no idiot – Loughborough-based or not – will be able to write a drivel-laden response. So;

1) Gillian Anderson is NOT attractive. No, no she – shut UP! – no, she isn't. If she were in a drama about the nylon manufacturing business no one would give her a second glance, but just because she's in a sci fi programme she's Miss Saddo's World. I know you people, you're the kind who say, "Okay, I know Lady Penelope is just a puppet, but…"

2) The Stars Wars universe isn't real. Anyone labouring under this impression, go and stand next to that group learning Klingon. That's right, over there by that blood-stained wall with the curious pock marks.

3) Ken Russell. Take every film Ken Russell has ever made, and you'll be able to salvage 45 minutes' worth of decent stuff, tops. Yes, I admit, he has a unique ability to persuade famous actors and actresses to get their kit off, but that's subtly different from being a hugely gifted film-maker in the same way that, say, being the world's greatest sprinter over 200 and 400 metres is different from being some bloke your brother-in-law knows who can get bathroom tiles really cheap.

4) In much the same vein, The Rocky Horror Show. We do not all think you're crazy and outrageous. Please stop trying so hard.

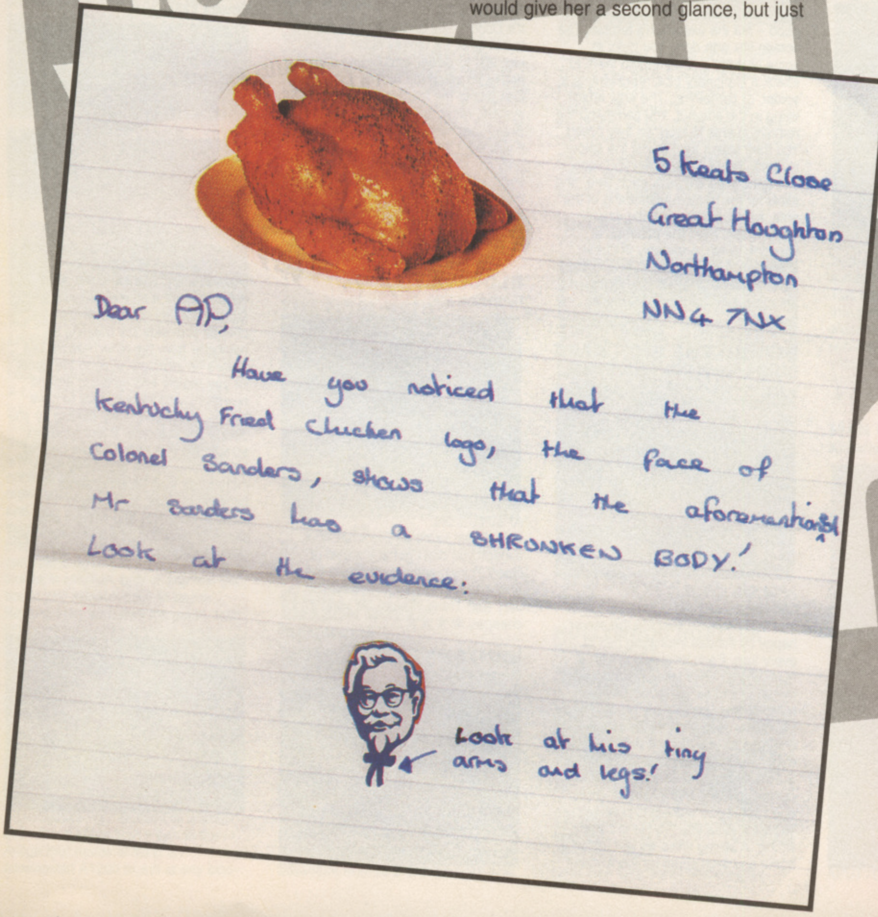
5) Mobile phones. There are those who genuinely need mobile phones; the other 85% of you are just twats. Let me here and now free you from the illusion that by carrying yours around, in your hand, everywhere, and answering it in that hugely theatrical manner that you give off the impression that you are very important and/or popular. Give it up. Save £200 a year, and join us sniggering behind the back of all the others.

6) The News.

a) Heroes. STOP trying to find a hero in every event. Hero now virtually means, 'someone who was there'. Example? Bus full of children goes under low bridge. Child who shouts, "Duck!" is a 'hero'. Nope, child throwing himself on companion to protect him from flying glass is heroic; child shouting "Duck!" is, well, a normal human being.

b) Plane Crashes. STOP doing that thing where, after every 'plane crash you just HAVE to find someone 'who would have been on the flight but for' a traffic jam/forgotten ticket/bout of oversleeping. This not only turns a real tragedy into a Readers Digest funny fact, but you also imply that, 'Who knows, did some strange power see to it that Joe Bloggs didn't board the doomed flight?' Presumably some strange power that thought everyone else on the plane had it coming, or Natural Selection's Evil Brother who promotes the Survival of the Tardy and Inept.

I have a list of another 472 things, but I'm aware that, sadly, the time you have left, Do, is short. So, let me take your hand as Future Publishing flicks off the switch on the machine and assure you while we wait for the beeps to become a steady tone; You Did The Write Thing.
A Hitler, Wolverhampton.



5 Keats Close
Great Houghton
Northampton
NN4 7NX

Dear AP,

Have you noticed that the Kentucky Fried Chicken logo, the face of Colonel Sanders, shows that the aforementioned Mr Sanders has a SHRUNKEN BODY! Look at the evidence:

Look at his tiny arms and legs!

AND THAT ADDRESS,

don't forget, is:

Do The Write Thing,
AMIGA POWER,
30 Monmouth Street,
Bath BA1 2BW.

Or email us at:
ampower@futurenet.co.uk,
if you want to say a final farewell to us.

THE BOTTOM LINE

Ker-chunk. Right. Should be safe enough in here to take the time to tell you all about the bottom line. Here you'll find all the games we've reviewed recently summarised... Ohmigod. What's that coming out of the tap? No No NO NO NO...

THE BOTTOM LINE

(AND HOW TO UNDERSTAND IT)

★★★★★ Praise be! ★★★★★ Heavenly
★★★★ Little lamb ★★★ Purgatory
★★ Going down ★ Burning

The whole point of The Bottom Line is to cram as much information as possible into this small space. Here's how it works... The top bit is easy:

GAME NAME
Publisher's Price

Then we get (just for your information really) the issue of AMIGA POWER in which the game was originally reviewed, the mark it got at the time, and the reviewer's initials, followed by the mini-review and a final rating out of five stars (with red ones to show which ones are real 'must buys' and blue ones to show you which were reviewed just last issue). And there you have it – all you could ever possibly need to know about every game we've laboured over, considered carefully and marked accordingly in the last year (and a bit) and never forget WE WERE ALWAYS RIGHT.

WHO'S WHO

AS – Andy Smith ● CW – Cam Winstanley ● JD – Jonathan Davies ● JN – Jonathan Nash ● RP – Rich Pelley ● SC – Stuart Campbell ● MA – Martin Axford ● RD – Richard Doidge ● CM – C-Monster ● TN – Tim Norris ● DG – Dave Golder ● GK – Gideon Kibblewhite ● SF – Steve Faragher

AIRBUS A320 2
Mirage £30

AP58 24% JD
It is a convincing simulation of the A320 Airbus – even more convincing, if you can imagine such a thing, than *Airbus A320*, whose sequel it is. You fly an A320 Airbus hither and yon. You take off. You land. There are many realistic instruments and controls. ★

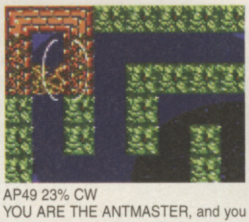
ALIEN BREED 3D A1200
Team 17 £30

AP56 91% JN
Amazingly amazing *Doom* – but on the Amiga contender that crushes *Fears* technically and takes *Gloom's* side in being terrifically hard and fun to play. More sophisticated than *Gloom*, but oddly (though not at all disappointingly) more blasting-orientated. Run around and shoot things; run up stairs and shoot things; run across bridges and shoot things; run through water-filled passages and shoot things. Still no option to look up and down (you'll get confused in more than one helter-skelter shootout) and twittery even on a 'fast RAM' machine (brownie points though for not shirking the vastly complicated many-monster ambushes just because of slowdown) but stuffed with 'vavoom!' and absolutely entertaining. Terrible deathmatch game, however, and our copy wouldn't work from hard drive. ★★★★★

AMBERMOON
Thalion £36

AP51 30% RP
A crap RPG divided into crap *Dungeon Master* and crap *Zelda* bits. ★

ANTS
Kellion £15



AP49 23% CW
YOU ARE THE ANTMASTER, and you must command your ants to CONQUER THE WORLD. An impressive idea – sort of *Sim Ant*, but good – but the execution's terrible. The screen fills with dots. You point at some of them and command them to attack a stationary blob representing a spider, or something. The ants attack, dying in the attempt. You command the remaining ants to feed, so they breed. You then attack again, until the spider is dead. That's it. Provided you keep one (yes; one) ant back each time, and allow for the random wandering of the ants, and can cope with the squeaky speech, and have the patience of Job, counting to ten, preferably in Greek, you've go it licked. An impressive idea indeed, but body death is a far more attractive alternative to playing the game it has spawned. ★

BEHIND THE IRON GATE
Black Legend £25

AP52 55% CW
Slickly programmed 3D shooty game that falls down on keeping the player happy by instead infuriating him at every turn. Each level opens with a hair-raising chase between you and the monsters as you scurry around trying to find (particularly groovy) weapons, develops into an exciting shootout as you pick off your opponents, and then collapses into wandering around an effortlessly confusing maze trying keys in doors and hoping you won't end up a key short because you got the order wrong. A strong finish as you set off a bomb and then sprint for the exit, but (again) those confusingly blank walls mess it up. Look out also for the awful passwords that lose all your weapons. It does, however, work (equally speedily) on the A500. A valiant attempt. ★★★

BREATHLESS
Power Computing £30

AP58 56% SC
It's *Doom* – but on the Amiga. For the fourth time. It's terribly close in look and feel to *Doom*, except that it's not nearly so much fun to play. From the lava pits to the frustrating password system, rather too much about *Breathless* has been badly thought out. If you want to wander up and down grey corridors and occasionally fight impossible fights with naughty people then this is the version of *Doom* – but on the Amiga for you. Otherwise you'll be happier with *Gloom*.
★★

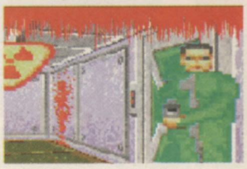
BLOODNET A500+
Gametek £30

AP50 89% JN
Exactly the same as *Bloodnet AGA*, except! you don't get any music (a Good Thing), and you don't get the option to review past conversations (a very Bad Thing indeed). At least it's £5 cheaper. ★★★★

BRUTAL
Gametek £20

AP53 27% SC
Beat-'em-up with animals that blows its single good idea (you start without special moves, but earn one every few bouts) by giving you an unfailingly unbeatable one on level four. (Get in a punch and then hide in a corner to defeat opponents one to three.) ★

CITADEL
Black Legend £30

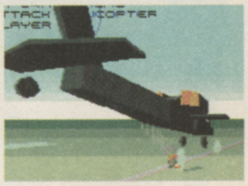


AP56 67% PM (69% A1200)
We're getting incredibly fed up with games that blow it with such an obvious fault that it staggers the mind to think how they missed it. *Citadel*'s is that guns and ammo are severely limited so that what should be *Doom* – but on the A500 turns into a dismaying game of running away and avoiding things. Just think. You're not bound to a single path through the levels, you can set fire to people, there are locked doors and teleports and that, you can elect either to escape a level or search for bonus objects and it runs comfortably on an A500 (no, really. Really) and – erk – you spend your time running away and avoiding things. Dickersome things like having to hit monsters centrally and LOSING ENERGY WHEN YOU BUMP INTO WALLS slip away in relation. Faster and bigger on an A1200; hence the extra 2%. ★★★

CLUB AND COUNTRY
Boms £30

AP53 33% PM
Fearsomely well-presented, but – oh no! – clotted and boring footy manner.
★

COALA
Empire £25



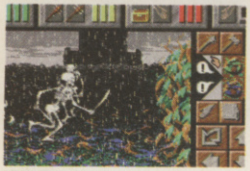
AP56 78% CW
Thanks to *Coala's* Virtual Cockpit™ you can zoom up to things then look out of the window to blast them sideways, and thanks to the open-endedness of it all you can whizz around any old where and even choose your side (by popping at someone from the other, natch). But there's no structure at all to the game so you rapidly end up flying around cluelessly, and it's a bit silly to have battles where by merely turning up you decide the outcome. It has excellent scraps, but you have to work hard to get into one. There should've been more to do than flittering about (blowing bridges, for example, or toasting convoys) and without any sense of direction or achievement, you give it up within a few hours. Pity.
★★★

COLONIZATION
Microprose £35

AP52 93% SF
Hugely engrossing sim by TV's famous Sid Meier, covering the colonisation of

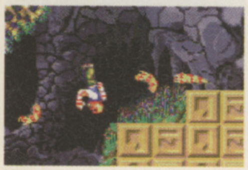
the USA from whomever's point of view you damn well please. (We tend not, for example, to slaughter the natives.) Turn-based and predominantly action-free, you'll nevertheless find your children becoming successful senior accountants before you think to turn from the screen and tell them it's time for bed. Protect and survive! Produce and sell surplus! Attack the French! Declare the Dutch heretics and start a religious war! All can be done here and all but a small part of what is, essentially, America – but on the Amiga. And it runs on an A500.
★★★★★

DUNGEON MASTER 2 A1200
Interplay £40



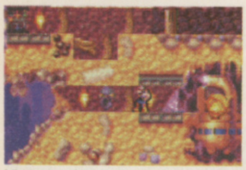
AP56 50% CM
Spook. Eek. And, indeed, yikes. Seven years after *Dungeon Master*, they've done it again. Exactly the same. Except you need a hard drive, the game reacts slowly to your commands, buffers them so you go out of sync and has sets of numbers instead of (for example) characters. The few good ideas (automapping, neat shop sequences, above-average puzzles) are wasted. ★★

EXILE A1200
Audiogenic £30



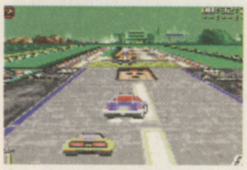
AP49 89% CW
Prettied-up (and CD32 joypad-supporting) version of legendary key-swathed 'arcade adventure' that's probably the only game ever worthy of the nasty label. Sort of non-3D *Doom*, sort of single-player *Gravity Force 2*, it's all about flying around with real physics and shooting things and solving (occasionally unfathomable) puzzles. I certainly thought it was quite fabulous. If you can cope with the keyboard madness controls, go for the otherwise identical original, now out at £15. ★★★★★

EXTRACTORS CD32
Millennium £30

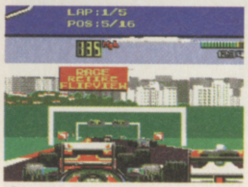


AP50 62% CW
Sequel to *Diggers* that hasn't learnt from the original's mistakes.
A *Lost Vikings* sort of game in that you're trying to co-ordinate a bunch of characters so everyone contributes to the larger task at hand, it's plagued with only marginally less miserable controls than before (this time you can make your minions jump over things, and stop without your having to plough through endless sub-menus) and a preposterous 'free will' feature (so you can spend ages getting one of your blokes in position, only to see him get bored and teleport back to base). Beyond that, we hated the game itself (it's remarkably bereft of fun, and seems more a grimly drawn-out exercise in mechanical repetition) but concede that its size, complexity and general 'togetherness' might appeal.
★★★

EXTREME RACING
Guildhall £30
AP58 59%
(Expanded A1200 69%) DG
A technically very impressive attempt at a sort of *Mario Kart* – but on the Amiga that needs at least an accelerated A1200 to run at any kind of entertaining speed. On an unexpanded A1200 it's very slow, even when you tweak the display options to maximise performance. The controls are 'ropy', too. ★★★

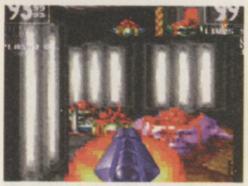


F1 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP EDITION
Domark £30



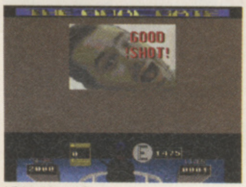
AP51 67% PM
It's *F1* again, but more expensive and with a quit option that instantly ends the entire game instead of, say, that particular race. Still, this is the fastest racer around (exhilaratingly so), with crashes that stop you or slow you down (rather than crippling your car) and the same stupendously exciting two-player mode that Cam and Steve McGill played non-stop for an entire day when the original game came in. Domark have also improved the graphics slightly, and have promised to include a save game option after we pointed out you had to stick at it for hours to play properly (They didn't of course). But you'd still be better off buying the original. ★★★

FEARS A1200
Guildhall £30



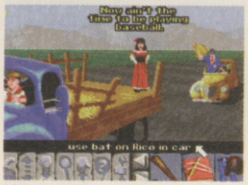
AP54 40% JN
The second *Doom* – but on the Amiga contender to make it, but not a good one. Technically astounding – the default full-screen display is damned fast on a standard A1200 (with lifts and stairwells, yet), and the use of near-subliminal sound is masterly – the game is let down horribly by its cock-eyed design. Monsters that can 'see' you without your having the slightest idea where they are, no up and down views (it's possible to get completely lost on stairs) and INESCAPABLE LAVA PITS combine to destroy any sense of fun get from playing it. Exceedingly foolish, Mr Bond. ★★

THE FINAL GATE
Alternative £15



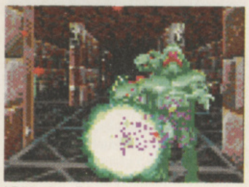
AP61 20% AS
It's FMV. You shoot things. It's terrible.
★

FLIGHT OF THE AMAZON QUEEN
Renegade £30



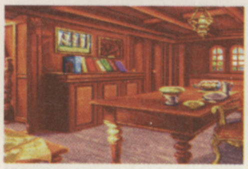
AP51 84% JN
1940s comic book point-and-click adventure from fans of the Lucas Arts games, so it's funny, charming, looks beautiful and plays like a raspberry ripple. Even the music's good. You'll be quoting the set-pieces at each other later over tea, but simultaneously cussing at the ease with which you completed the game and the way the last quarter crashes out of ideas and fun. Still, it's brilliantly entertaining while it lasts.
★★★★

GLOOM A1200
Guildhall £30



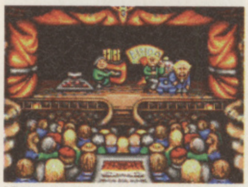
AP52 90% JN
Few games are scary, unless they are film licences. *Gloom* is a genuinely spooky game with an atmosphere you could cut with a knife, were demons not busily sucking you in from across the room and biting off your head, and were there a knife in it. Dazzlingly revolting, with monsters that explode up the walls when you shoot them (there's an option to retain the pieces to mark your path), it's unwaveringly thrilling for NOWHERE IS SAFE. And that's before you get to the levels that have ghosts passing through walls. And, hey, there are always the secret bits to ferret out. Disappointingly your weapons are restricted to differently coloured balls of light (confusingly, so are the monsters'), and the 'deathmatch' game isn't up to much (you inevitably slug it out toe-to-toe) but as a one- or (co-operative) two-player shooter, it's near-unbeatable. *AB3D* surpasses it, while *Fears*, disappointingly, does not.
★★★★★

HIGH SEAS TRADER
Impressions £35



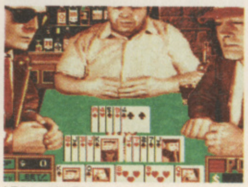
AP51 22% SF
You remember *Pirates Gold*, right? Where you were a pirate, shuttling from port to port, capturing ships, waging war, courting governors' daughters, yo-ho-ho-ing and a-bottle-of-rumming with the best of them? It's the same sort of idea with *High Seas Trader*, except you're a merchant. Exactly as exciting as it sounds. ★

HILLSEA LIDO
Vulcan £13



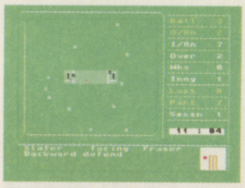
AP57 54% (Hilsea residents 60%) TN
Sub-*Theme Park* end-of-pier sim with fish and chip shops instead of burger bars, dinghy hire instead of of teacup rides, and spectacularly odd theatre shows instead of rides exploding entertainingly. Competent, but not as good as *Theme Park*, so contravening Law 10 of Kangaroo Court. Tsk.
★★★

HOLLYWOOD HUSTLER
Desert Star £25



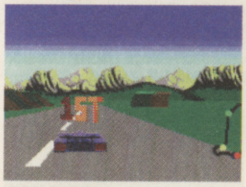
AP54 35% PM
Neat idea for a poker game – play against three digitised 'real' players who speak – but – erk – it falls apart after a remarkably short time. The other players don't have, for example, 'tells' (facial tics, say, or nervous blinks that hint they're bluffing), you can't try to cheat, nobody loses their temper (nobody does anything, in fact, apart from move their hands to deal and glance around) and your opponents take defeat philosophically ("Huh!" is about as animated as they get). And strangely, the best hand we got all the time we were playing was a three-of-a-kind. There are better PD poker games than this. *Hollywood Hustler's* available from Desert Star at 120 Burden Road, Beverley, N Humberside HU19 9LH. ★

INTERNATIONAL ONE DAY CRICKET
Guildhall £10



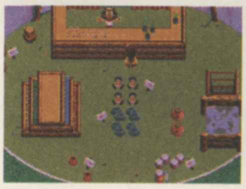
AP64 3% GK
Don't buy this terrible, yet cheap, cricket sim.

LEADING LAP A1200
Black Legend £26



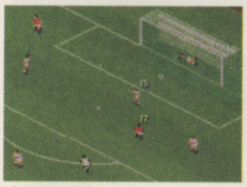
AP57 57% TN
Well-intentioned first-person racing game with dozens of tracks and five special-car characters, but it's JUST ANOTHER DRIVING GAME. Essentially it lacks 'ooomph' (or, indeed, 'vavoom!'); specifically, why not play *F1GP* (for realism) or *F1* (for 'whizz')? There'll be an A500 version along shortly, we are informed. ★★★

LEGENDS
Guildhall £30



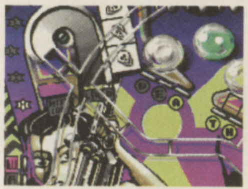
AP61 80% JN
An impeccably executed, vividly imaginative and thoroughly enjoyable Zelda-esque romp that is only flawed by the absence of a save routine and instead gives you (harrgh) continues. Tsk. However in every other aspect this game is a delight from the pleasingly soothing music to the sublime animations and beyond to the superior level design. If only every Amiga game was this much fun to play.
★★★★

MAN UTD – THE DOUBLE
Krisalis £30



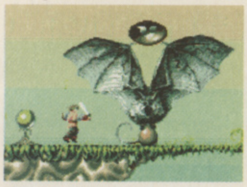
AP49 58% PM
Man Utd Premier League Champions with a *FIFA*-ish 3D perspective and a *Premier Manager 3*-like editor. Fiddle with the teams, admire the new player transfer section, become angry with the actual football-playing bit. You can turn this off, but if you're going to do that, why not play a dedicated footy or footy manny game? Or *SWOS*, of course. ★★

OBSESSION
Merlin £30
AP50 78% JN



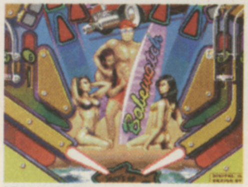
Charming but disappointingly simple old-style pinball game which scores in thousands and has none of the exciting slickness of *Pinball Fantasies*. For your £30 you get two excellent tables, one solidly commendable one, and one that's so poor it's more poor than v poor, with the best of the great tables having an ingenious 'curvy bowling' feature to complement its baseball theme. Inadequate ball physics and heavily combo-based scoring (where you have to knock down targets, but then shoot ramps within a strict time limit to keep the points) let it down. There'll be a special A1200 version with multiball in a few months, we are told.
★★★★

ODYSSEY
Audiogenic £30



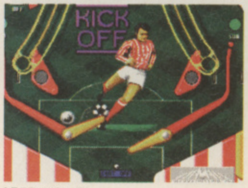
AP54 79% CW
Exile-inspired (hurrah!) arcade adventure with you, as some bloke with a sword, springing around, throwing switches, ducking arrows, battling gnomes and turning into different animals and insects. Obviously painstakingly designed (arranging it so you need a specific power to pass something must have been a headache) and replete with clever bits, it annoys with leaps of faith, jumps you can't quite make, monsters which follow you from their crafty initial positions to get hugely annoyingly stuck on vital ledges and – hnngh – lives. Generally lovely, but if only, eh?
★★★★

PINBALL ILLUSIONS CD32
21st Century £30



AP50 90% PM
Staggeringly more attractive than the vanilla A1200 version, with some tremendous Swedish samples and accomplished use of the joypad. (Although the mistake of having one button launch a ball while another instantly quits the game is beyond belief.) Neat 'on-line' manual, as well. Pity you can't turn off the music, because we've discovered Extreme Sports is the most entertaining table of the three.
★★★★★

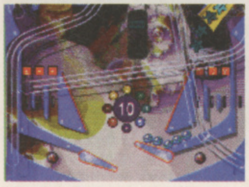
PINBALL MANIA A1200
21st Century £30



AP55 11% JN
Exquisitely poor pinball game purporting to be the sequel to *Pinball Illusions*, but by someone completely different. Badly programmed (the ball physics are particularly amateurish), badly designed (only one of the four tables is at all fun, but none are exciting) and 108 times less snazzy than the A500-compatible ➤

Obsession, it's a joke at £30 and an embarrassment as the lead game in the new A1200 bundle
★

PINBALL PRELUDE
Effigy Software £20



AP58 81% SF
Other pinball simulators attempt merely to simulate pinball, but *Pinball Prelude* makes use of the fact that the game is being played on a computer to include bonus levels and extras that could never be included on a real table. It's funny no one ever thought of that before. What's that? They did? But they never did it this well and for that reason *Pinball Prelude* is a fine game and no mistake.
★★★★★

PLAYER MANAGER 2
US Gold £30

AP53 35% PM
Fearsomely in-depth but – oh no! – clotted and boring footy manner. ★

PLAYER MANAGER 2 EXTRA
Anco £25

AP59 32% SC
A bit like *Player Manager 2* but with *Extra* bits. Which, sadly, fail to make it any better. ★

PREMIER MANAGER 3 DELUXE
Gremlin £25

AP60 82% MA
It's *PM3*, but with a 'Deluxe' on. The extra-value added 'Deluxe' gives it up to date team information (as long as you buy it before the end of the 95/96 season) and the Multi-Edit System which is intended to remove the need ever to buy another management sim (although it doesn't work on *SWOS*, natch). Complex. Comprehensive. Cor blimey. ★★★★

PRIMAL RAGE
Time Warner £30

AP62 77% JN
The special moves are largely impossible and you can't use a two-button joystick (grr) but that doesn't stop this tremendously atmospheric beat-'em-up (let's face it, massive dinosaurs chewing each other to pieces somehow feels 'right') from being such fun to play that we heartily recommend it. Better yet it's hopelessly awful on the PC and consoles so Amiga owners win. Again.
★★★★

ROADKILL A1200
Guildhall £25

AP52 79% JN
That two-player mode, eh? We'd have welcomed it. O-ho. *Roadkill A1200* is, however, £5 cheaper than the CD32 version, so that's all right then. Still doesn't save the high scores though.
★★★★

RUFFIAN
Grandslam £20

AP50 10% JN
A platform game of barely credible terribleness with no redeeming features. Truly awful. ★

SENSIBLE GOLF
Virgin £30

AP52 66% PM
Half-finished, delayed, rejigged, delayed and rewritten, Sensi's swansong has turned out to be a fairly entertaining game about golf. Which, from Sensible, is a let-down of innocent Derek Bentley proportions. It's exasperatingly simple (no hazardous wind or stance adjustments, for example), stunningly tedious in one-player mode and naught but okay with up to three other people. And you can't even call it *SWOG*. ★★★

SENSIBLE WORLD OF SOCCER 1996
Renegade £25

NOTTM FOREST 0-3 NOTTS COUNTY

AP57 96% MA
SWOS – but debugged, and with a few extra things such as controllable headers, ability stars and updated stats. It's back, and this time it works, as it were. Our highest mark ever in the history of all things, plus one. Be in no doubt that this is one of the finest games ever to grace a Philips monitor. Or indeed a clapped-out old telly. When linked up to an A1200. With *SWOS* in the hard drive.★★★★

SENSIBLE WORLD OF SOCCER EURO '96
Time Warner £20

AP63 85% MA
It's *SWOS 1996*. Again. With minor changes. ★★★★★

SHADOW FIGHTER AGA
Gremlin £30

AP50 92% PM
Cosmetically spruced-up but otherwise identical to the A500 original. The CD32 version dispenses with the horrible disk-swapping (hence the extra point) but adds a silly fault in that you press both shoulder buttons to quit the game, thereby penalising all those players who (quite rightly) get really excited and panicky when struck dizzy and bash at the joypad to make their character recover. Tish.
★★★★★

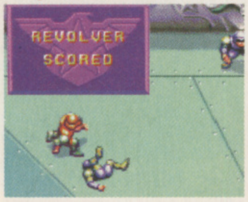
SLAMTILT
21st Century £30

AP60 90% TN
Four pinball tables – but on the Amiga. Not much (apart from the design of the tables themselves) to distinguish it from earlier releases by 21st Century apart from the fact that it's a bit better. Just one more go. Oh, please. I'll put the bin out in a minute. Just one more go. ★★★★★

SOCCER SUPERSTARS
Flair £30

AP49 15% PM
Abysmal side-on footy game peppered with shocking bugs. You do get a free football with it, though. ★

SPEEDBALL 2 CD32
Renegade £15



AP51 93% PM
Yes, it's *Speedball 2* again. Except, instead of the stupid headband thing, opposing teams wear differently coloured suits. An amazingly better game than the original.
★★★★★

SPERIS LEGACY
Ocean/Team 17 £30

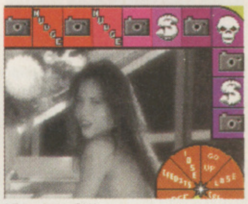
AP59 50% JN
Imagine, if you will, a graphic adventure a bit like a certain Nintendo favourite – but on the Amiga. It has an air of Japaneseness about its graphic style which is a joy to behold and many of the puzzles are pleasantly challenging. But an equal number are infuriating and arbitrary and the result is a merely average game.
★★★

STAR CRUSADER
Gametek £13

SELECT
REVIEW
MENU
STATS
ESC
SKILL

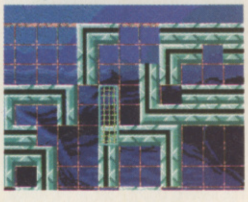
AP59 17% SF
Uh-oh. Quite the worst blend of *Wing Commander* plot and *Elite* gameplay you could imagine. It may be cheap, but it's still not worth buying.
★

STRIP POT AGA
Guildhall £15 (A1200) £30 (CD32)



AP51 22% CW
We went to see Guildhall recently. They cheerfully admitted their enormous range of PC porn games were crap, but apparently they can't get them on the shelves fast enough. Here's one they've converted to the Amiga. It's a fruit machine sim that has several pictures of women taking their clothes off.
★

SUPER LOOPZ A1200
Audiogenic £15



AP49 29% JN
Baffling rejig of the terminally dull *Loop(hnghh)z* – a sort of *Pipemania* without the excitement of gloop flowing through the shapes you're making – that doesn't ever change except for getting faster. Dull bonus games finish it off.
★

SUPER SKIDMARKS CD32
Guildhall £30

AP51 92% PM
Like the A1200 version, but for only two players. You do, however, get a demo of *Guardian*, a fantastic joypad-compatible *Defender* and the *Roadkill* movie (though, oddly enough, with a scene missing).
★★★★★

SUPER SF2 A1200
US Gold £35

AP52 71% CW (81% hard drive)
Largely successful conversion of the coin-op, with (as far as we know) everything in it. But! the undeniably exciting, intense thumping is extremely diluted by the ludicrously intrusive disk swapping, nutty controls, feeble sound and teeny graphics. CD32 joypads helps enormously, with all the buttons used correctly, and a hard drive cuts out the loading problems. (If you possess both, award the game another twenty percent.) As it stands, you'll be disappointed. The lower score's for running it on a vanilla machine.
★★★/★★★★

SUPER SF2 TURBO
Gametek £20

AP60 25% JN
In this case 'Turbo' means 'jerky animation (with missing frames to mess up your timing), indecisive collision detection, and an absence of handicap and timer options'. To be fair it also means 'bigger graphics', but that's scarcely enough to make you want to buy it.
★

SUPER TENNIS CHAMPS
Audiogenic £25

TENNIS CHAMPS

AP56 92% MA
Deliciously excellent sequel to the AP52 coverdisk *Tennis Champs*, with temper tantrums, play-affecting court types, 16 different characters, tourneys, net-clipping drop shots, replays and the FOUR-PLAYER MODE OF CHAMPIONS. No option to contest line-calls (annoying), no Vinnie Vega after we put him on the cover (exasperating), slightly fiddly shot selection (acceptable) and no women (tsk) but – and here we speak with all the authority the rapidly-diminishing hesiodic theogony that is AMIGA POWER can command – one of the most deep-down gosh-darned fun games we have seen during our mighty lives. The *Super Skidmarks* of tennis games.
★★★★★

SWORD OF HONOUR
Megatronix £20

AP49 58% PM
'Odd' *Exploding Fist Plus*-type beat-'em-up-cum-puzzle-game that looks great and is initially highly playable, but every level is exactly the same. If you want, you can get the game from 21 Tiled House Lane, Brierley Hill, W Midlands DY5 4LG.
★★

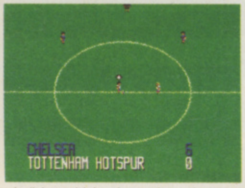
TACTICAL MANAGER 2
Black Legend £26

REFS
CHARTS
CUPS
K-OFF
LEICESTER C
LEICESTER

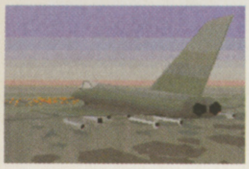
AP50 25% PM
Fussy to work with and foolishly predictable footy manny game. To top it off, you don't even feel involved in the matches. ★

TEAM
Impact £30

AP57 42% TN
Try-hard *Sensi* clone with customisable bits (a variably-evil ref springs neatly to mind) but which misses the point – players all run at the same speed whether they've got the ball or not, for example, and it's incredibly difficult to control. Buy *Sensi* or *SWOS*, instead.
★★

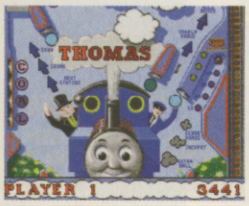


TFX A1200
Ocean £40



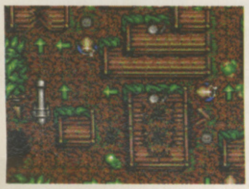
AP49 62% (85% A4000) JD
Modern-day flight sim with all manner of 'stealth' and 'laser-guided' things. Impressively sophisticated and that, but it does mean dogfights consist of spotting a dot on your radar, pressing the space bar and waiting for your missile to hit. Surprisingly absorbing but ghastly on a standard A1200, with overwhelming amounts of disk swapping and once-per-second screen updates; best on a top-of-the-range A4000 (if still noticeably jerky); somewhere in between depending on the contents of your RAM expansion/extra disk drive cupboard.
★★★★

THOMAS THE TANK ENGINE PINBALL
Alternative £17



AP57 17% MA
Amazingly poor pinny licence from the people behind *Pinball Mania*. "For children," which makes it all the worse as there's no excitement and no evidence of imagination. Instead of, say, making trains move around or the Fat Controller steal your ball, or something, you get to turn on lights and then some more. Of them. ★

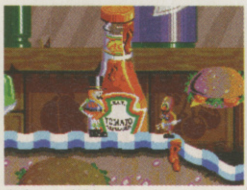
TIMEKEEPERS
Vulcan £13



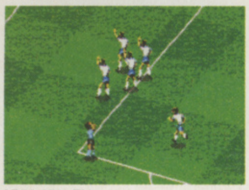
AP52 82% JN
Startlingly brilliant puzzle game from the programmers of the *Valhalla* trio. It's an overhead *Lemmings*, but where lems 'make', tims 'do'. You lay out their path beforehand with directional arrows and action icons, grappling not with real-time shivery reflex panic-o-thons, but Vulcan's amazingly devious level designs. A terrible bit at the beginning of a screen where you have micro-seconds to stop everybody falling down holes is the big bad thing, but it's also leisurely rather than exciting, and you'll fall into the 'rhythm' of the puzzles fairly quickly. Wizard green-and-brown fun otherwise. ★★★★

TIN TOY IN THE HOUSE OF ADVENTURE
Mutation £15

AP63 67% SF
It fails all of the crucial Kangaroo Court edicts and yet is surprisingly fun. It is a platformer. With a cute character and eye-poppingly bright backgrounds.
★★★

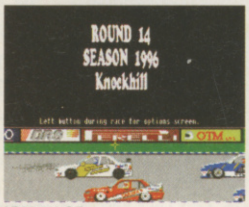


TOTAL FOOTBALL
Domark £30



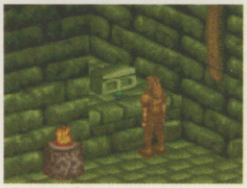
AP62 87% TN
A game that looks a bit like *FIFA* and has the playability of *Sensible?* An admirable intention, we thought, but surely one doomed to failure (it was cliché morning in the office). And yet… and yet… *Total Football*'s really a jolly good synthesis of the two. It's not quite a match for *Sensi*, but then nothing ever has been. What it is, however, is a good-looking and extremely playable football game.
★★★★★

TOURING CAR CHALLENGE
OTM £25



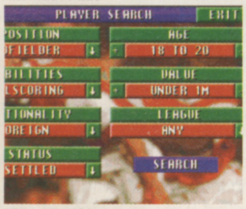
AP53 3% SF
F1 Challenge, a PD race management game, but with different graphics, and £25. They've even left in the pitstop option, although it's utterly without use. Monstrous. ★

TOWER OF SOULS A1200
Black Legend £30



AP50 34% SM
Absurdly fiddly RPG that, for example, demands you select one of four lockpicks if you haven't the key to a door, insert it in the lock and use the mouse to wiggle the lockpick in a way you think will spring the mechanism. You're also compelled to examine, use and open everything for fear of missing the passageway or object that will get you to the next section. The plot's orc-related tedium as well. ★

TRACKSUIT MANAGER 2
Alternative £26



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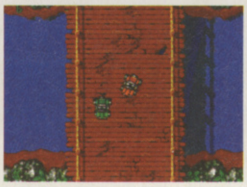
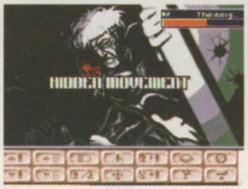
AP61 65% MA
Another football management simulation. Another wearisome set of statistics. Another chance goes (as they say, Brian) begging. Oh sure, you can't really blame games publishers for continuing to deliver very ordinary games like this when we continue to buy them, but a little bit of imagination would be nice every now and then. And it wouldn't hurt to make the statistics up-to-date would it?
★★★

TURBO TRAX
Arcane £30



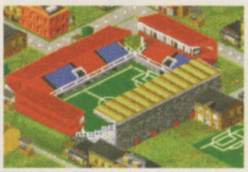
AP53 46% JN
The long overdue overhead racer turns out to be *Overdrive* again. Purely 90 and 180 degree turns make up the courses; purely random circuit choice and no maps make playing repulsively difficult. To complete the picture, you often appear to be racing alone, so spread out are the five computer drivers. Extraordinarily poorer than the competition (*Roadkill*, say, or *Micro Machines*). You might learn to like it for the few thrillingly jostly corner incidents. ★★

UFO A500
Microprose £26



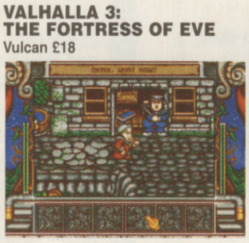
AP51 36% (66% hard drive version) CM
The same, except! It's unplayable on an A500, with forty-five minute waits between turns as the wee machine works out the aliens' movements. Obviously no intrusive loading on the hard drive game, but it's still hideously slow. Which is why the higher mark's for the latter version.
★/★★★

ULTIMATE SOCCER MANAGER
Daze £30



AP50 84% SF
Along with *On the Ball World Cup* and *Super League Manager*, one of the new wave of footy manny games that tries hard to be fun to play. Still stat-based, unfortunately, but with splendid presentation and those all-important 'human interest' bits as players complain about pay and conditions. You can even rig matches for financial gain. It's too easy, though, and the vaunted commercial bits (signing merchandising deals and the like) don't add as much as you'd have thought. Definitely third of the three. ★★★★

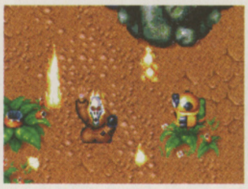
VALHALLA 3: THE FORTRESS OF EVE
Vulcan £18



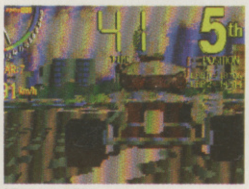
AP63 20% TN
When oh when will people listen to the words of AMIGA POWER? Stupidly *Valhalla 3* repeats the faults of the first two games WITHOUT SHAME: vacuous puzzles, annoying design and that cheesy, grating voice that tells you that you already know what something is when YOU CLEARLY DIDN'T OR YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ASKED. Grr.
★

VIROCOP
Renegade £26

AP51 81% CW
And it's a big 'Hello Nurse' to Graftgold's (probably last) Amiga game, a sort of *Chaos Engine* set inside a computer, but we'll forgive it that. Flawless presentation and a hoot of a two-player mode (one drives, the other controls the tank turret) perfectly complement the spot-on level design and (yes!) immaculate attention to detail. And it's hard drive-installable. But – oh no! – somehow, peculiarly, there's no real feeling of danger as you play. It's all much more pleasant than, for example, exciting.
★★★★

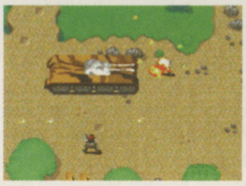


VIRTUAL KARTING A1200
OTM £25



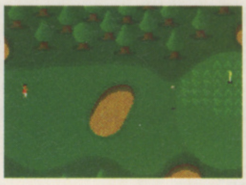
AP55 80% PM
Technically astounding race game which biffs around (oh lord) Fully Texture-Mapped 3D and periodically spins the screen and changes perspective to show off but cuttles its gaming fish (and quite a fish it is, ladies and gentlemen, what with zooming around mere inches off the floor in a go-kart, jockeying for position *(Jockey For Position – what an episode of Pinky and the Brain that was. – Ed)* and driving off the track to fiendishly cut corners) with some silly, silly flaws. 'Up' to accelerate, for example, and the computer cars never, ever getting knocked about in a crash (you, on the other hand, will always be sent spinning). We're willing to forgive it that for the magnificent experience of the game (it's quite unlike anything else on the Amiga, if lacking a feeling of truly terrifying speed), but you'll be better off waiting for the two-player *Virtual Karting 2* just after Christmas.
★★★★

WATCHTOWER
OTM £30



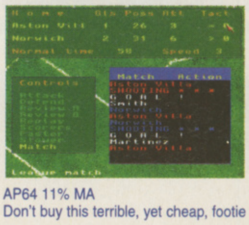
AP60 41% CW
A seriously flawed *Chaos Engine* clone with poor controls and poorer graphics. It's extremely heavy going and not really worth the effort. Frankly. ★★

WORLD GOLF
Apex Systems £15



AP59 32% MA
If you're looking for a tedious computer golf game that seems to take longer to play as a round of real golf then look no further. This is it. It's not much to look at, either.
★

WORLD OF SOCCER
Guildhall £10



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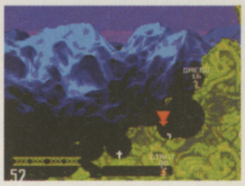
G O A L !
Smith
Norwich
Aston Villa
Norwich
SHOOTING * * *
G O A L !
Martinez
Aston Villa
League match

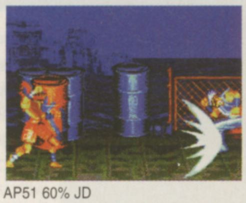
AP64 11% MA
Don't buy this terrible, yet cheap, footie mannie sim.

WORMS
Ocean/Team 17 £30



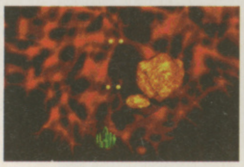
AP57 60% JD
Scorched Tanks, but 'clever,' which loses it almost everything it had in the first place. Entirely unnecessary extra weapons! Random wind to make everything randomly harder to hit randomly! Exploding dead worms severely damaging, for example, the worms who killed them! Extraordinarily strung-out games where you comfortably outnumber your opponent but his remaining worm gets a go every time you move! Mind-crushing tedium with more than two players as you wait up to 15 minutes for your turn! Play serviceably using only the bazooka and grenades! Excellent tunnelling bits! Amiga Format have stopped playing it now.
★★★

X-FIGHTER CD32
Thalion £TBA



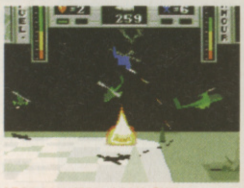
AP51 60% JD
A worthy attempt at a beat-'em-up, with 32 fighters, worthy computer opponents, combos, 'special' special moves and the like. Regrettably, it's been astonishingly poorly programmed, with intrusively horrible, jerky presentation and shabby collision detection. You don't care about the generic streets-of-Detroit characters, either. Buy *Shadow Fighter*. Instead of this. Because it's better.
★★

XP8
Weathermine £20



AP62 55% JD
It's a stupid name for a scrolling shoot-'em-up, but *XP8* has its heart in the right place. Unfortunately it doesn't quite live up to its own good intentions and is, well, a little bit dull. Everything's there that ought to be, from spaceships and aliens to power-ups and asteroids, but the game just doesn't quite excite. Shame that.
★★

ZEEWOLF 2
Binary Asylum £30



AP58 90% (65% A500) CW
Still the excellently excellentest chopper blast game, sprucer than the original, and DEAD ENEMIES DISAPPEAR FROM THE SCANNER. Remote link vehicles are the just-enough-to-justify-the-2 Sequel Gimmick (drive a tank! Pilot a boat! Etc!) but they're not properly exploited, and there are some foolish annoyances (being bounced between buildings, the fantastically fantastic mid-air chopper battles being dropped for limited-ammo missions later on) which make you wave your fist a bit. A hugely worthwhile game nonetheless. ★★★★★

After this I looked, and behold, a door was opened in heaven: and the first voice which I heard was as it were of a trumpet talking with me; which said, Come up hither and I will shew thee things which must be hereafter.

The Reckoning

Imagine the scene, if you will. A spacious well-appointed room that is comfortably cool. Large windows that look out over elysian green fields filled with happy furry animals and hippos wallowing in mud baths. Several large and comfortable sofas are dotted about the place, draped with tasteful ethnic prints. There is a large open section at the far end clearly marked 'Play area' in which are to be found several Amigas fitted with hard drives, accelerator cards, extra memory and each sporting a 17-inch monitor and stereo speakers. Neatly filed away on a long shelf is every Amiga game ever conceived of. There is a chute marked 'Endless supply of Gravis gamepads and Bugs'. There is another, at a slightly lower height, marked 'Endless supply of sweets.' In a near corner there is a stand containing the widest range of BB guns ever assembled in one place. There is a locker on which is written 'Cartoons and classic movies.' next to a surround-sound television and video recorder. An expensive-looking hi-fi plays Frank Black's album, Teenager of the Year. All is calm and tranquility.

And the room is not empty. Sitting laughing and drinking tea we find the two Jonathans, Rich, C-Monster, Martin, Stuart and Cam. They are enjoying a heated debate about how Michael Caine managed to get the gold out of the coach after the - literally! - cliffhanger ending of The Italian Job. They look contented and relaxed.

Pleasantly, the doorbell chimes. "It's a skull," it announces, to the merriment of all.

A sinister, cowled figure robed all in black puts his head around the door. "Oh, er hello," it says gently. "The door was open so we just let ourselves in. I hope you don't mind."

"No, not at all," replies JD. "In fact you're just in time for tea."

Three large, gaunt figures enter the room followed by a fourth (who is smaller, but just as gaunt). Cam goes to the kitchen and returns almost instantly with four steaming hot cups of strong Kenyan tea which he puts down on the magazine-strewn coffee table, next to the large bowl of satsumas.

"We just thought we'd see how you were, you know, settling in," offers the First Cyclist, while sipping his tea.

"Yes," adds the Second, looking around. "And to see if there's anything you need. You know – perhaps you'd like to borrow a cup of sugar, or something like that?"

"OH WE'RE FINE," answers Rich. "NEVER BETTER IN FACT. WE'VE BEEN OVER TO THE RACING TRACK AND HAD A GO ON THE GO-KARTS, WE'VE BEEN SWIMMING IN THE LAKE, CAM'S BEEN TEACHING US ALL TO SNOWBOARD ON THE MOUNTAIN AND WE MANAGED TO CATCH UP WITH LEE HARVEY OSWALD THE OTHER DAY AND ASK HIM SOME QUESTIONS. THAT'S PUT ALL OUR MINDS AT REST. AND TIM NEVER LEAVES THE SESAME STREET THEME PARK – HE'S IN HIS ELEMENT THERE."

"Oh good," says the First Cyclist. "We're glad it all worked out for the best, aren't we lads?" The other three nod their heads in solemn agreement. "So, there's nothing else we can do for you then?"

"Well," pipes up Martin, "there is one thing."

"Yes?" The Fourth Cyclist looks up from the copy of AP52 that he has been engrossed in since arriving. "What's that?"

"Well, we were just wondering whatever became of Steve and Sue – we need Steve to play *Super Skidmarks* in the Eight-Player Mode of Champions, and Sue would so enjoy watching the hippos play."

The Third Cyclist spews hot tea from his mouth in a glittering fountain that lands on the coffee-table. The puddle thus formed immediately starts to contract and rapidly disappears leaving no trace behind.

"Of course. How t-tardy of us," he stammers. "They've been very difficult; they always were the most stubborn pair. Erm…"

The First Cyclist interjects: "We'll go and get them for you straight away, I've a good idea where they might be hiding. We'll be back before you know it." He turns to the other three cyclists and in a voice that sounds like the ceaseless grinding and crackling of an eternal ice age says: "Come brothers. There is still work for us to do."

The four cyclists depart and outside is heard the sound of four mountain bikes being mounted together with the odd muffled curse as a piece of cape is caught in a chain.

"Well," says C-Monster. "Not long to go now."

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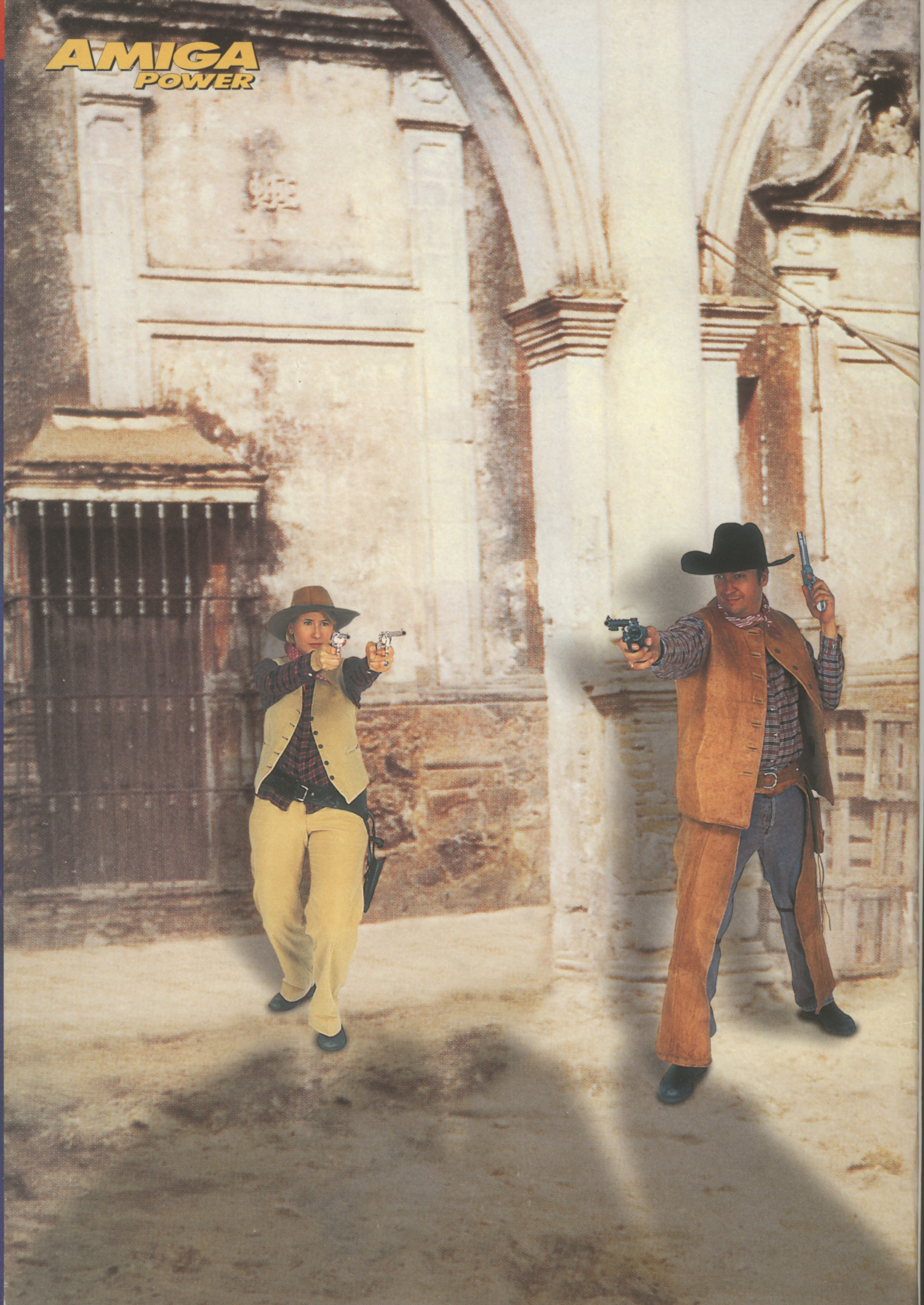
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